



Act 2.

B. Cole sc.



Act 2.

B. Cole



THE  
**Intriguing Milliners**  
 AND  
*Attornies Clerks.*

A  
**MOCK-TRAGEDY**  
 In Two Acts.

As it was design'd to be Acted at the  
*Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

Written in Imitation of  
*The Style and Manner of—*

---

WITH THE  
**LACE-WOMEN, a Satire;**  
 AND  
**POEMS on several Occasions.**

---

*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

---

**L O N D O N :**

Printed by J. HUGHES, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,  
 For W. SMITH, at Lord Chancellor Talbot's House,  
 near *Searle's Gate, Lincoln's-Inn.*

MDCCKEVIIL.

Integrating Ministers

AND

Account Clerk

MOCKTAGEDY

in Two Acts

As it was signed to be acted at the  
Theatre of the Day-Lane.

With a Preface of

The Editor and Manager of

WITH THE

THE NEW O. M. O. M. a satire;

AND

POEMS on several Occasions.

THE NEW O. M. O. M. a satire;

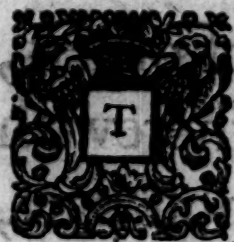
Printed by J. Smith, at the  
For W. Smith, at the  
near St. James's Church.





To E--- W--- Gent.

S I R,



THE following TRA-  
GEDY--TRAGEDY?  
No-- I don't know  
what to call it, was  
begun and perfected in a  
A 3 Week,

## DEDICATION.

Week, and I'm afraid the  
Town will too justly say,  
'twas a Week's Labour lost.

As this abortive Brat  
wants the *Utile Dulci*, where-  
in the Excellence of the  
*Drama* consists, to make  
some small Amends, this  
Dedication sha'n't be tainted  
with that fulsome Vice,  
which yo've so often com-  
plained of in those of others,  
*viz.* Flattery, wherewith  
Authors, for the most part,  
so grossly bedaub their Pa-  
trons, that they (as it were)  
disgrac



# DEDICATION.

disgrace 'em with Panegy-  
rick; for where the Paint's  
laid on so thick, we may  
with Reason infer, that the  
natural Complexion is faded  
in its Bloom, and that the  
Features are coarse and  
hagged.

THE greatest part of the  
Poems met with a favoura-  
ble Reception in Manuscript;  
but I impute that, more to  
the Partiality and Indulgence  
of Friends, than any real  
Merit in the Compositions.

## DEDICATION.

I had once or twice sketch'd out the Story of your Amours, but found, upon weighing the Variety of shining Incidents therein, that they requir'd as much of the Delicate and Pathetic, as is to be met with, only in the inimitably fine Description of *Germanicus* on the embroider'd Bugle Bed, naked out of the *Bath*, Or that of Chevalier *Tomasio*, dying at the Feet of *Madam de Bedamore*, and afterwards possessing her in that



## DEDICATION.

that *Sylvan* Scene of Pleasure, the Garden, painted to the Life by the celebrated Mrs. *Manley*, Author of the all-admir'd *Atalantis*; I say upon these Considerations I wav'd the pleasing Theme as too refin'd and exquisite for my unpolish'd Ideas and faint Conceptions, but hope some Genius of Elegancy and Taste will oblige the *Beau Monde* with a lively Representation of your Person, your irresistible Manner of Address; and in short, the whole  
Memoirs

# DEDICATION.

Memoirs of your Life and  
Gallantry.

IF you dislike the follow-  
ing fustian burlesque Scenes,  
I flatter myself you'll forget  
the Author in the Friend ;  
it is the first Offence of this  
kind, and shall be the last  
from

Your

An



AN EPISTOLARY PREFACE  
from a Gentleman in  
*London*, to his Brother at  
*Preston in Lancashire.*

DEAR BROTHER,

**Y**OU desire a Hint of the  
Contents of the Intriguing  
Milliners, &c. I'll give  
you a short Sketch of 'em: The  
Author has drawn the Characters  
of three Milliners, two of whom  
he has made virtuous in spite of  
the warm Attacks of Wit, Hu-  
mour, and the artful Address of  
two agreeable Attornies Clerks:  
Out of three Milliners he has  
made but one frail! which, we  
think

## P R E F A C E.

*think, is an extraordinary Compliment to Ladies of that gay Profession; nay, he would have made the third as chaste as the other two, but that he with just Reason apprehended such a Production would be deem'd unnatural and absurd in this fashionable Age—*

*But pray why are your Milliners so prepossess'd and exasperated against an innocent Tragedy (for there's no Murder in't) before they have heard or seen any thing relating to it except the Title, which no Body here complains of as offensive; it had been but fair to have suspended their Judgments till after Trial; their Apprehensions must, I think, arise either from Guilt, or want of Sense; for admitting it were a Satire on  
the*



## P R E F A C E.

*the Frailties of one Milliner, every candid Person will naturally infer it must be an Encomium on the fine Accomplishments, superior Merit, and shining Qualifications of the virtuous Ones.*

*As to the Attornies Clerks, he has drawn 'em as they generally are, very much the humble Servants of the Fair, as far, and often farther than is consistent with the Constitution and Abilities of the most amorous young Fellows.*

*All the young Ladies of the Author's Acquaintance have subscribed to this Piece, for they know him to be such a Votary to Love, and that he has given so many distinguishing Proofs of his passionate Tenderness for that Sex, that they conclude 'tis impossible*  
be

# P R E F A C E

he should write any thing disadvantageous to the Ladies, unless where he's oblig'd to touch upon the Foibles and Follies of some as Foils to set off the Lustre and Brilliancy of his Favourites.

The Poems added to the Play chiefly celebrate the Wit, Beauty, Shape, Air, and a thousand irresistible Charms wherewith the softer Sex attracts and enchants ours, a Sex that — but I won't forestall the Descriptions and Incidents in this Performance; I'll leave you to judge for yourself when 'tis publish'd.

I am

Your most affectionate Brother

Lincoln's-Inn

Nov. 1. 1737.

J. H. —





A

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To



# PROLOGUE

*To-night our Author, in a swelling Strain,  
Makes Templars rant, and Milliners complain.*





To the A U T H O R of the  
INTRIGUING MILLINERS, &c.

**Y**OUR loving Friend, O R—— permit

To pay the Tribute due to Taste and Wit :

You claim no Int'rest from your tuneful Lays,

You must, you shall accept of honest Praise.

What Raptures in my melting Bosom play,

While Dashwell fights his am'rous Soul away !

How chaste, how tender does Brussella prove !

How hot, how fierce Stitchinda's slighted Love !

How sly, how arch Cambricka plays her Part,

And his Replevin manages with Art !

How smooth your Verse, your Thoughts how nice and clear,

How sweet you touch each Feature of the Fair !

Here Phillips' little Prittle Prattle plays,

There Thomson's lofty Strains the Subject raise ;

Here glow Young's poignant Satire, Fire and Rage,

There Pope in tuneful Numbers smoothes the Page !

By Turns our Bosoms freeze, by Turns they thaw,

Now Wishes melt us, and then Virtues awe !

Tho' e'ery happy Talent is thy Share,

Below'd by Men, the Fav'rite of the Fair !

Thou flies the soft Embraces of the Muse,

And only rugged Bus'ness now pursues ;

Still may Success thy honest Cares attend,

And bless my boon Companion and dear Friend !

B. B.



## Dramatis Personæ.

DASHWELL, } *Companions and Friends, but Inconstant*  
REPLEVIN, } *Sparks.*

BRUSSELLA, *in Love with Dashwell.*

STITCHINDA, *likes Dashwell, but is slighted by him.*


CAMBRICKA, } *Fellow-Apprentice with her, but Friend*  
                  } *to Brussella, in Love with Replevin.*

A PORTER.

SCENE *during the First Act in Covent-Garden, during Part of the Second in the Temple.*

6 MA 50

Time about 17 Hours.





THE  
Intriguing Milliners, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Parlour at Brussella's, fronting  
Covent-Garden.*

*Brussella, Cambricka, Dashwell, and Replevin rising  
from Cards.*

DASHWELL.



T dawns ; *Aurora* leaves *Tithonus'* Bed ;  
The sable Night resigns her drowsy Sway,  
And the hoarse Tone of Watchmen is no more ;  
The Midnight Magistrate his Empire ends,  
And Dreams of Bawds and Culls to Round-house sent.  
Each straggling Nymph unhir'd to Garret hies,  
The Chairmen now are all retir'd to Rest,

B

Save

## 2     *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Save one or two, in waiting at my Lord's,  
To carry the successful Gamesters home,  
Whilst Losers, mutt'ring Oaths, are forc'd to walk.  
Old Maids to *Covent-Garden* Church repair,  
And pray, that they may not lead Apes in Hell.  
The Country Farmers ope their rural Store  
The squabbling Buyers swarm about their Carts,  
And ragged Basket-women wait their Call.  
No Hackney-coaches crowd the Play-house Door;  
Oh how unlike the Nights, when *Harlequin*  
And a new Pantomime draws all the Town;  
Irrational Diversion!

### BRUSSELLA.

Gentlemen,  
We've happ'ly spent the Night in dear *Quadrille*:  
*Quadrille*, thou sweet Amusement of the Fair,  
Dearer than Sleep, thou Balm of all our Cares!  
No Beau's accomplish'd if unskill'd in thee——  
My Mistress won't the Country leave this Week,  
So I command the House; say, will you drink  
A Dish of Coffee, Chocolate, or Tea?  
Come, choose: for we will breakfast all together.

### REPLEVIN.

You both like Tea the best; and *Dashwell* knows  
Each Morn at *Brown's* it is our lov'd Potation;  
Coffee is flat, and Chocolate is heavy.

[*Dashwell*]



[*Dashwell and Brussella seem to talk a-part.*]

But tell me, dear *Cambricka*, what Excuse  
Your ready Wit will make to colour o'er  
Your all Night's Absence, and appease your Mistress?  
Unkind *Stitchinda* will discover all;  
She gets you all the Anger that she can.

CAMBRICKA.

O I can match her tho' I'm younger 'Prentice —  
When Yesterday at Noon you wrote me Word,  
That you and *Dashwell* wou'd be here last Night,  
I feign'd a Letter in Aunt *Holland's* Name;  
The Hand I counterfeited to a Hair,  
And sent a Porter with it to my Mistress.  
The Words were these: "Madam, I'm just arriv'd  
" In Town, but being fatigu'd, desire you'll let  
" My little Niece come sup with me To-night;  
" And, if she stays past Ten, you need not be  
" Uneasy, she shall lie with me all Night.  
" To-morrow I return by th' *Windfor Coach*,  
" And doubt I shan't have Time to call upon you,  
" But I will send her home by Nine i'th' Morning."  
I need not tell you that she gave me Leave,  
My being here witnesses her Consent.

REFLEYIN.

Dear little Rogue! O Woman for Invention!  
If I do not requite thee for this Goodness,  
May I be doom'd to be a Hackney-writer!

B 2

CAM-

## 4 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

CAMBRICKA.

Forbid it all you Stars! I hope, *Replevin*,  
You'll shortly be admitted an Attorney;  
You say, next Month, that you have five Years serv'd;  
And if you want six Pounds to buy a Stamp  
For your Admission, I will lend 'em you;  
I've heard you say that it will cost no more.

REPLEVIN.

I'll study to deserve thy matchless Bounty,  
And will in Time reward it.

BRUSSELLA.

Miss *Cambricka*,  
Pray order *Betty* to set on the Kettle.  
*Dashwell* and I must have a Moment's Talk,  
But we'll be with you e're she makes it boil.

REPLEVIN.

Your Hand; ——— well, we'll expect you in a Moment.

## SCENE II.

*Dashwell and Brussella.*

DASHWELL.

What, then it seems *Stichinda* us'd you ill,  
And I was made the Subject of your Quarrel?

BRUS-

## BRUSSELLA.

Yesterday Morning to their Shop I went  
 Upon a Message, where alone I found her;  
 I ask'd her when she saw you; she with Frowns  
 Reply'd, Last Sunday, in the Park with you.  
 Are you come here t' insult me with your Conquest?  
 Madam, 'tis well, 'tis mighty well; I hope  
 You'll share the Fate of others who have known him.  
 Thus she went on, and rail'd with all the Rage  
 Of Love, of Jealousy, and Disappointment.

## DASHWELL.

Pray, what was the Result of all this Fury?

## BRUSSELLA.

I smil'd, and sneering, told her, I was sure  
 Such Wit and Charms as she was Mistress of  
 Wou'd make a Conquest over whom she pleas'd;  
 Yet was so vain to think, that tho' you rov'd  
 From Bough to Bough, you'd build your Nest with me;  
 She reddn'd, but her high-swain Passion choak'd  
 Her Words, nor could she utter any more.  
 I loudly laugh'd, and careless humm'd an Air,  
 And told her I would send you by and by  
 To ease her Grief-strung Soul, and sweeten her  
 Like Sugar dropp'd into a Dish of Tea.

## 6 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

DASHWELL.

I find the Reason that she sent last Night  
To beg I'd spend the Ev'ning at their House ;  
I wav'd the loath'd Appointment with a Lye,  
Being more happily engag'd with you.

BRUSSELLA.

O, Sir, perhaps you think this Compliment  
A clear Excuse for being false to her,  
And Proof sufficient of your Love for me ;  
I like to hear you talk, but dare not trust you ;  
If false to one you will be so to all.

DASHWELL.

Believe me, O *Brussella*, I am not  
By Nature fickle, but the pow'rful Force  
Of your superior Charms has quite dissolv'd  
The short-liv'd Empire of *Stitchinda's* Eyes.  
Had I ne'er seen you I might still have lov'd her.

BRUSSELLA.

In vain I tax you with a Thousand Faults,  
You've still some fair Pretence to wipe 'em off ;  
So I'll contend no more—— Come let us go  
To Breakfast, we are waited for below.

SCENE



SCENE III.

*The Out-side of Brussella's House.*

*Dashwell and Replevin.*

REPLEVIN.

Well, *Dashwell*, we begin the long Vacation  
In Pleasure ; Heaven grant it may continue !

DASHWELL.

We'll range the various Fields of soft Delight,  
And after we have cull'd the Flow'rs of one  
We'll go and revel in another's Sweets.  
Adieu ; I'll see you at the *Swan* at Eight—  
I'll go to Miss *Stitchinda's*, for I long  
To know how she my last Night's Message brooks.

[*Aside.*

SCENE IV.

REPLEVIN *alone.*

I've long laid Siege to Miss *Cambricka's* Virtue,  
In vain ; her Honour's fix'd as firm as *Paul's* ;  
Chaste Love and Marriage only can prevail ;  
I can't dispense with those, yet still I'll woo her ;  
I find her Purse is at my humble Service—  
*Stitchinda's* made for Pleasure ; I'll pursue her

B 4

With

## 8 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

With double Warmth ; she never was unkind——  
*Dashwell* of late has us'd her very coldly :  
 She may the Favour grant out of Revenge ;  
 I'll give her that Excuse, and then she falls.

### SCENE V.

*Stitchinda's Apartment.*

*STITCHINDA alone, at work.*

I cannot sew ; Oh restless Jealousy !  
 Thou worst of Plagues, thou'st poison'd all my Soul !  
 Haunted by thee last Night I cou'd not close  
 My Eyes, and taste the balmy Pow'r of Sleep !  
 Oh *Dashwell*, why dost thou possess my Thoughts,  
 And I not thee ? Why art thou dear and false ?  
 Agreeable and kind shou'd ever join.  
 Tho' thou'rt inconstant, thou hast powerful Charms,  
 For thou hast all the Arts of soft Address,  
 And steals into our Souls with sweet Discourse :  
 Thy Letters, full of Sense, and neatly wrote,  
 Beyond Expression fine, wou'd make a Vestal  
 Forget her God, and place her Heav'n in thee !——  
 Oh I must wean me from his soft Endearments,  
 Hate the whole Sex, for that's the Way to Peace.  
 I fancy, tho' he's all in all, I cou'd  
 Forego him, wou'd he not *Brassella* woo ;  
 For she's my evil Genius, she's my Bane ;  
 To her I owe this cruel Separation ;

She'll

She'll triumph in the Conquest; and be kind,  
 Because she knows 'twill pique me—— Ha! methinks  
 I see 'em naked in each other's Arms,  
 I see 'em melt—— I can't bear the Thought.  
 Female Invention, oh assist me now,  
 Or hence abandon me to black Despair!——

[*After a Pause.*]

—— I've been too calm, but when we meet again  
 I'll shew a warm Resentment at his Baseness,  
 Bear up with Spirit; 'tis his fav'rite Maxim,  
 That Pride's the Life, the Soul, the All of Woman.  
 O that he'd come! I burst with Spleen for Vent.

## SCENE VI.

DASHWELL *alone.*

Methought I heard *Stitchinda's* Voice; it founded  
 Angry—— She comes! and on her clouded Brow  
 Resentment low'rs; her sparkling Eyes have lost  
 Their native Sweetness, and they glow with Ire;  
 The Roses in her Cheeks have quite resign'd  
 Their lovely Empire there, and languish with  
 An ashy Hue; she seems prepar'd to rail;  
 No Matter, let her Passions work her up,  
 She's bit her Nails so short she cannot scratch.  
 Her Fury with redoubl'd Rage I'll meet,  
 Strive to out-bawl the Thunder of her Tongue,  
 And silence Noise with Noise; as Poisons are

Ex:

10 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Expell'd by Poisons. 'Tis resolv'd, I'll leave her ;  
I'll take this sweet Occasion to break off,  
For I am tir'd with Jealousies and Jars.

SCENE VII.

*Dashwell and Stitchinda.*

STITCHINDA.

So, Sir, you have at last vouchsaf'd to come ;  
Thy Baseness, Artifice, I have discover'd,  
Thy Words and Oaths are faithless as the Seas.  
But I will be reveng'd for all my Wrongs,  
I will, altho' I perish in th' Attempt ;  
And if I do, I'll send my restless Ghost  
To perfect what I left unfinish'd here.

DASHWELL.

Madam, I pray compose your lovely Features,  
You'll make your Face so frightful by Distortion,  
That I shan't bear to see it any more.

STITCHINDA.

My Face, in any Shape, exceeds *Bruffella's*.

DASHWELL.

No doubt, when you're the Judge, it far excels  
The Female World ; so blind is vain Self-love !

STITCHINDA.



STITCHINDA.

And so it does——but that is not the Question,  
 Last Night I sent a Porter to your Chambers,  
 To beg you'd make a Party at *Quadrille*:  
 You wrote me Word your Master had engag'd you  
 To sup with him, and therefore cou'd not come.  
 This I believ'd; for who cou'd have done less?  
 'Till about Nine I *Mary* sent an Errand,  
 And as she went by Miss *Brussella's* Door,  
 It open'd, there she saw thee enter, heard  
 Thee speak, will swear't, and that thou wert new-dress'd,  
 As if thou meant to win her with thy Cloaths.  
 Inrag'd, I set a Watch to mark how long  
 Thou stay'd; he waited there till three this Morn,  
 But no Appearance of my Gentleman,  
 He, to be sure, must have a fix Hours Chace;  
 Villain, I've known the Time when Half an Hour  
 Has made thee dull and useles in my Arms.

DASHWELL.

The Fault was yours; *Brussella* is so sweet,  
 So lovely, so engaging, always new,  
 That she ne'er palls; "Increase of Appetite  
 "Does grow by what it feeds on:" She's——

STITCHINDA.

Will she  
 Supply thee with new Cloaths when those are ragged?

Is

## 12 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Is this the Recompence for all my Love?  
 I've toil'd for thee as never Girl toil'd;  
 After Shop Hours, when other 'Prentices,  
 Or with their Sweet-hearts toy'd, or went to Bed,  
 And in soft am'rous Dreams dissolv'd away,  
 I o'er the lonely Taper stitching sat  
 'Till Noon of Night; Villain, and with these Hands  
 I made thee Half a Dozen *Holland* Shirts,  
 Of three half Crowns an Ell; them neatly trimm'd  
 With little, modish, Ruffles grafted 'em,  
 And double-stitch'd the Wrist-bands; then, to please thee,  
 With the initial Letters of thy Name,  
 Thy faithless Name, once dear! I mark'd the Flaps—

DASHWELL.

Well, Madam, in return, I all the Night—

STITCHINDA.

This to my Face? Villain thou ly'st; when I  
 Had finish'd 'em, one Eve I gravely told  
 My Mistress, that Affairs of Moment press'd  
 My being in the City, call'd a Coach,  
 And to the *Temple* drove, where thee I found  
 Alone at Chambers, supperless and sad,  
 Because thy vacant Purse cou'd not afford  
 A single Shilling to supply thy Wants;  
 Water from *Hare-Court* Pump was all thy Wine,  
 I lent thee Half-a-Crown, and—

DASHWELL.

DASHWELL.

O ye Pow'rs !  
If false Aspersions can awake your Wrath,  
Pour down your Vengeance on her lying Tongue,  
Strike, strike her dumb this Instant !

STITCHINDA.

Then I gave thee  
Those well-made Shirts, more white than *Alpine* Snow ;  
And when we'd spent two Hours in dull Discourse,  
Without the least Acknowledgment of Love,  
Or amorous Requitall, Payment cheap !  
Thou fobb'd me with a cold insipid Kifs,  
And did not even hand me down the Stairs.  
O may'st thou, when thou art a sworn Attorney,  
Be paid as poorly by thy roguish Clients,  
And think the Judgment just for slighting me !

DASHWELL.

Is this *Stitchinda*? — sure I dream ; if so  
What wou'd I give to wake — Madam, I find  
Your Memory is short ; did I not wait  
At Chambers for you by your own Appointment ?  
And did not I provide, against you came,  
Your fav'rite Dish, a Lobster, and Rack Punch ;  
Did we not, after we'd regal'd ourselves,  
Together go to Bed, my Master's Bed,  
Which your nice Palate chose, because the Sheets

Were

## 14 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Were finer than my own ; did we not spend  
The Night in Dalliance, Extasy, and Bliss ;  
Did not I fetch the Laundress in the Morn  
To make a Fire, and treated thee with Tea ?

STITCHINDA.

Ho, Sir, I see you can remember well  
Your trifling Favours ; but —

DASHWELL.

Nay, more's behind ;  
Did not my Master, who had been abroad  
A Month or two, then come unlook'd for home ;  
Did he not call me into t'other Room,  
And ask me who you were ? I said, my Sister ;  
Which he, unskill'd in sly Deceits, believ'd.  
Did we not *gratis* at a Client's House  
Together dine ? And you at Night went home,  
And told a thousand Lyes to clear yourself ;  
Then brib'd the Maid to —

STITCHINDA.

Canst thou, *Dashwell*,  
Upbraid me for my Tendernefs to thee ?  
My Faults by thee ought to be counted Virtues.

DASHWELL.

Then brib'd the Maid to let me in at Night ;  
Punctual I came at the appointed Hour,

Enamour'd



Enamour'd, full of Wishes, full of Love;  
 Pull'd off my Shoes, and softly stole up Stairs  
 Unheard; flung off my Cloaths, with eager Haste,  
 To clasp thy panting Bosom close to mine  
 Desiring and desired! I on thy Lips,  
 Thy roseate Lips, extatic, breathless hung,  
 Till sated with th' Elizum of thy Charms,  
 Insensibly I sunk into soft Slumbers,  
 And Dreams of Pleasures past; fatigued and lull'd  
 With a sweet Over-sacrifice to Love  
 We slept devoid of Cares till Ten next Morn.  
 Your Mistress, wond'ring that you lay so long,  
 Tho' she be haughty, came herself to call thee,  
 And found us folded in each other's Arms:  
 She shriek'd, we wak'd, I boldly said and swore  
 Thou wert my Wife, and stopp'd her clam'rous Tongue.  
 I have preserved thy Reputation safe  
 From scandalous Tongues, and yet thou calls me *Villain*!

STICHINDA.

And I've preserv'd thy Health; or else, e're now  
 Thou hadst been quite undone by Surgeons Bills.

DASHWELL.

O I have done a thousand Things for thee;  
 I'll name a few shall far out-balance thee  
 And thy six Holland Shirts so neatly made.  
 First, When I'd once at th' Execution of  
 A Marriage Settlement five Guineas giv'n,  
 My Taylor and my Washerwoman went

Unpaid

## 16 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Unpaid away ; and I, Fool that I was,  
 Bought a neat Agate Box, a Needle-case  
 Of Silver, and a modish Velvet Manteel,  
 And gave them all to thee, ungrateful thee.  
 Last Summer, ev'ry *Sunday*, I did hire  
 A Chaise and Pair for Half a Guinea a Day ;  
 And then, to please thy Pride and haughty Taste,  
 I drove to *Windfor* and to *Hampton-Court*.  
 Besides, I've carry'd thee to gay *Vaux-Hall*,  
 To each new Play, Ridotto's, shining Balls ;  
 And twice and once we to the Opera,  
 At my Expence, to hear the warbling Voice  
 Of *Farinelli* went ; besides, I gave thee——

### STITCHING.

Is this thy Boast ? Is this so greatly done ?  
 When first I knew thee, Beggar, thou had'st but  
 A poor Half Guinea a Week allow'd for Writing ;  
 This was thy Income ; what must be thy Dress ?  
 Thou spent this Pittance faster than thou got it,  
 And was not fit t' appear with Girls of Taste.  
 About that Time my good old Uncle dy'd,  
 And left me by his Will twice fifty Pounds ;  
 I bought thee that brown Bob which now thou wears  
 Unpowder'd, a lac'd Hat, a Coat of blue  
 Broad Cloth (resembling a gay Captain's Dress)  
 Lin'd with white Silk, a Pair of Velvet Breeches,  
 A rich embroider'd Waistcoat of Brocade,

That

That Hanger (thou forsooth must wear a Sword,  
 Or something like one) and six Pair of Stockings  
 Of finest Thread, as white as were the Shirts  
 I gave thee; Silver Buckles and Gold Watch,  
 For thou disdain'd to wear a Silver one.  
 That Money, which thou brags was on me spent,  
 Was mine; thou treated me but with my own.

DASHWELL.

A thousand Verses I have on thee wrote,  
 And in 'em deify'd thy Face, thy Shape,  
 Thy Air, thy every Part, and put 'em in  
 The *Grubstreet*-Journal, Monument of Fame!  
 Where thou wilt shine a Toast for future Times,  
 Admir'd by ev'ry polish'd Lawyer's Clerk,  
 And emulated by Coquets and Belles!

STITCHINDA.

Thy Verse was low, unequal to the Style  
 That shou'd have me sublim'd.

DASHWELL.

A hundred Scrapes  
 I have releas'd thee from—— hast thou forgot,  
 When once a saucy Fellow call'd thee Whore,  
 And Thief, and Milliner? Say, did I not  
 Tell him he ly'd, and challenge him to fight?  
 Did we not then into a Tavern go,  
 Strip into Buff, and box for half an Hour?

C

Did

## 18 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Did I not beat him till he cou'd not stand?  
 Did I not kick the Rascal down the Stairs,  
 And sent him Shirtless Home in Hackney-Coach?  
 Did he not bring an Action of Assault  
 And Battery against me, did not I  
 Plead Nonage to it, and his Writ did quash?

### STITCHINDA.

Thy Plea was false; for I have heard thee own  
 That thou art three and twenty Years of Age;  
 Tho' thou made Oath, thy sham Plea to support,  
 That thou wert under twenty: they suspected  
 Thy Perjury, but cou'd not prove thee perjur'd;  
 Because No-body knew where thou wert born,  
 Nor whence thou came, a Vagabond obscure!  
 I fancy, cou'd one trace thy Pedigree,  
 Thy Sire was some poor Pedlar or a Tinker,  
 And as he wander'd round about the Country,  
 He dropp'd thee in a Foot Path near some Village.

### DASHWELL.

Yet thou'lt been proud to pass for my Relation;  
 I've own'd thee for my Sister and my Wife,  
 But thank my Stars thou'rt neither! and since thou'rt  
 No longer worth my Care, "I'll let thee down  
 "The Wind to prey on Fortune!" Now I'll range  
 From Fair to Fair in Search of new Adventures.

STITCHINDA.



## STITCHINDA.

Go, Villain, go, begone, I soon shall hear  
That thou art sent to *Barthol'mew's* or *Guy's* ;  
I hope, when thou art dead, to see thee hang  
A wir'd Anatomy in *Surgeon's-Hall*.

## DASHWELL.

I hope 'ere then to see thee on the Town  
A Prostitute, for thou art lewdly given ;  
I doubt not but to see thee in some Round-house,  
Or Bridewell, beating Hemp : if it were so  
I'd smile in Agony—— but I'll no longer  
Remain in the cold Shade of thy dead Charms,  
I'll bask myself in the full Sun of Beauty.

## STITCHINDA.

There thou wilt lose thy faintly glimmering Light,  
As Glow-worms cease to shine at Morning's Dawn.

## DASHWELL.

You rail in Simile, and so will I.  
As when some *Irishman*, in *Dublin*, has  
Trifl'd a little Time with common Jades,  
To *England* comes ; here sets up for a Beau ;  
With graceful Person, sweet-enchancing Tongue,  
A good Assurance, each resistless Charm  
To captivate the Soul, he runs away  
With a rich Heiress ; then in gilded Chariot

## 20    *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

He lolls at Ease as grand as any Lord :  
 So I who, for a Twelve-month, have with thee  
 Liv'd in low Life and vile Obscurity,  
 Now in a higher, brighter Sphere will move ;  
 To Nymphs of Fortune only I'll make Love.  
 What Lady can Attornies Clerks withstand ?  
 Ten Thousand Pound I'll in a Trice command.  
 Whilst you from Street to Street with Band-box trudge,  
 I'll shine a Counsel, or perhaps a Judge.

### S C E N E    VIII.

STITCHINDA *alone.*

Curse on thy *Irish* Simile and thee !——

Let me consider what is best to do :——

[*After a Pause.*]

I have his Note for two times Thirty Shillings  
 For Money lent ; I'll make an Affidavit  
 Before some sharpening *Marshal's-Court* Attorney,  
 And have him strait arrested ; he's no Friends  
 To bail him—— ah, but then in Jail he'll rot !

If I arrest him 'twill be fatal to me  
 And him, if not, I die if he's another's——

What if I try to lure him back again ?

The little Piques that happen amongst Lovers

Serve but to fan the Fire, and make it burn

More fierce and bright—— *Replevin* may assist me ;

I know he likes me, I'll indulge his Love,

And

And make him instrumental to retrieve  
Or ruin *Dasbwell*—— Lo he comes ! I must  
Disguise the first, and only push the last  
At present, 'till that Embryo's ripe for Birth——  
True, he is *Dasbwell's* Friend ; but what of that ?  
The best Friends have been faithless to their Rivals.

S C E N E IX.

*Stitchinda and Replevin.*

REPLEVIN.

I'm very glad *Cambricka* and her Mistress  
Are gone abroad, and won't return till One——

[*Aside.*

O sweet *Stitchinda*, may I ask the Reason  
Of your Disorder ; your Face is as an Index,  
Where I can read the Volume of your Mind,  
And see that Anguish is its chief Contents.  
Forgive me, Madam, if I'm too officious ;  
I only ask the Cause, that I your Wrongs  
May, if you're wrong'd, redress ; I fain would calm  
The Tempest in your Soul ; command your Slave ;  
By Deeds, not Words, I wou'd my Love express.

STITCHINDA.

You are the Cause, altho' you're innocent.

REPLEVIN.

Can I at once be innocent and guilty ?

## 22    *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

STITCHINDA.

I will the whole unriddle. Faithless *Dasbwell*  
Was here this Moment, your pretended Friend——

REPLEVIN.

Pretended Friend?——

STITCHINDA.

Pray hear me, then be Judge.  
As we were talking who and who were Sweethearts,  
I said I thought you were *Cambricka's* Care,  
Declar'd you were a very pretty Fellow,  
And warmly did commend her happy Choice;  
His Jealousy believ'd that I disguis'd  
My Passion for you in *Cambricka's* Name;  
He grew inrag'd, and in a Passion swore  
You had my Heart, he long suspected us,  
He found he was the Bubble to us both:  
Then flung out of the Room with fell Intent  
To be reveng'd on me—— nay more, on you!

REPLEVIN.

You set me on my Guard, and I'll preserve  
You and myself from all his dire Designs.  
His great Revenge, in his Idea sweet,  
Shall bitter turn, and on himself recoil;  
I'll counterplot the Traitor, let him feel,  
A Friend provok'd is far the worst of Foes.

I'll



I'll tell *Brussella* all his broken Vows,  
 And paint him in his blackest Colours to her;  
 I've twenty Proofs i'th' Neighbourhood against him.  
 There's not a Milliner i'th' *New-Exchange*,  
 Or *Exeter*, but knows him for a Villain;  
 To Hundreds he has sworn eternal Love  
 And Constancy, but in a Week has left 'em  
 In doleful Plight, and triumph'd in their Fall.  
*Brussella*, once convinc'd of this, will shun  
 This Monster, as the fatal Rock of Nymphs  
 Deceiv'd, and join with us t' expose his Foils.  
 This, this, I'm sure, will touch him to the Quick.

## STITCHINDA.

Do this *Replevin*, and I'm thine for ever.  
 Leave nought undone that may compleat his Ruin;  
 My Love shall be the Prize of thy Success.

## SCENE X.

## REPLEVIN alone.

Enough; *Stitchinda's* mine! — ye gentle Gales  
 Bear not the happy Sound away; nor thou  
 Eccho reverb'rate that *Stitchinda's* mine!  
 Lest busy Ears shou'd catch th' important Secret,  
 And blabbing Tongues disclose it to the Temple.  
 Publick Intrigues I loath, for they're too like  
 The Commerce that we have with common Whores;  
 O Secresy's the Zest of an Amour! —

## 24 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

*Dasbwell*, I thank thee for thy faithless Friendship,  
 Had'st thou been true, *Stitchinda* were not mine;  
 What if thou lose *Brussella* by it too?  
 It must be so, thy Loss will be my Gain,  
 So once a wealthy Citizen I knew,  
 Who only had two Sons; the Elder grew  
 A Rake, a Mistress kept, at Dice he play'd,  
 While t'other his old Father's Will obey'd;  
 The Younger strait became his darling Son,  
 Was made his Heir, and th' Elder quite undone.

*End of the First ACT.*





ACT II. SCENE I.

*Bruffella's Apartment.*

*Bruffella and Replevin.*

BRUSSELLA.



Can't believe it— yet, as you're his Friend,  
Methinks you wou'd not thus take Arms  
against him

Without some special Cause—— Oh I'm  
perplex'd

In a wild Maze of Thoughts! by Turns I think  
That what you say is true, and think it's not.  
Is there no Clew to guide my wand'ring Steps  
Secure out of this Labyrinth of Doubts?

REPLEVIN.

The Clew is in yourself; think no more of him.

BRUSSELLA.

Can I forget his tender, kind, Endearments?  
His dear Idea wanders o'er my Mind,  
All lovely, grac'd with Smiles and sweet Good-nature;  
My Heart seems fond of such a pleasing Guest.

Oh

## 26 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Oh 'tis a heavy Task to wean the Soul  
From all it holds most dear ! my Resolution  
Faints at the killing Thought !—— if you, *Replevin*,  
Had spar'd this cruel Kindness, I'd been happy.

REPLEVIN.

You ought to give it a far softer Name,  
And thank me for the Caution. Is't not better  
To bear a short-liv'd Grief, than be ill-us'd  
For Life by him you love ? True, I well knew  
This Villainy disclos'd wou'd give you Pain ;  
But then I look'd upon't as necessary :  
Like Vinegar to cleanse the Patient's Wound,  
Not vex him, tho' it might uneasy prove.

BRUSSELLA.

Pray what cou'd be your Motive to discover  
*Dasbwell's* intended Villainy to me ?  
With him your Friendship's great, with me but small ;  
Methinks the less shou'd to the greater yield.

REPLEVIN.

I thought, as I profess'd myself a Lover  
Of your dear Friend *Cambricka*, I was bound  
In Justice for her Sake to undeceive you,  
And baffle any Plot against your Virtue ;  
I know, shou'd any Griefs afflict your Mind,  
*Cambricka's* tender Heart wou'd share 'em all.

BRUSSELLA.



BRUSSELLA.

You've given the utmost Proof of Love for her,  
Thus to betray the Secrets of your Friend,  
When to conceal 'em might have ruin'd her's——  
It cannot be : whene'er I hear him talk,  
His Sentiments and Words are all so chaste  
That they ne'er glance at any thing indecent:  
He has the strictest Reverence for Virtue  
And honourable Love, it were a Sin  
To doubt him.

REPLEVIN.

Dear Miss, he undermines you ;  
He's skill'd in Treachery ; and knows, when Men  
Have black Designs in View, 'tis best to hide  
Their treach'rous Heart under a friendly Look :  
As cunning Anglers bait their fatal Hooks  
With mimick Flies, and couch unerring Death  
Under the pleasing Form of nat'ral Food.

BRUSSELLA.

Make this appear, and he's the worst of Villains——  
Just now I interrupted you ; I pray  
Go on, and faithfully relate the rest.

REPLEVIN.

Where did I leave ?— ho ; then we went to Chambers.  
Said he, *Replevin*, now *Brussella's* mine ;

I've

## 28 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

I've laid a Scheme to sap her stubborn Virtue ;  
I seem the harmless Flow'r, but am the Snake,  
That with its deadly Poison lurks beneath ;  
We must be Villains if we wou'd be happy.  
I have behav'd with so much Modesty,  
So artfully disguis'd my Purpose on her,  
That she with me dare trust herself alone  
Here, or elsewhere ; she thinks herself secure :  
I've lull'd her Guards of Honour fast asleep,  
They nod supine, quite careless of their Charge.

BRUSSELLA.

Perhaps, my Gentleman may be mistak'n.  
O how I'd laugh in his own Snare to catch him !

REPLEVIN.

Then he proceeded : hither I'll invite her,  
I'll push the Favour in the warmest Terms ;  
If she denies, I'll give her the Pretence  
Of utmost Force and Rudeness on my Side :  
If we once gain our Ends, no matter how,  
They ne'er upbraid us for the Violence,  
But for the present with some tender Tears,  
A Tribute due to lost Virginity ;  
If once possess'd, we may repeat the Bliss  
As oft as Nature prompts us—— when we please.

BRUSSELLA.

You now have made his Villainy appear  
Clear as the Sun in his Meridian Height.

How

How vile is it to harbour such Intents!  
 But to discover 'em, far, far exceeds  
 Th' intended Rape!—— *Replevin*, call To-morrow,  
*Cambricka* will be here; we'll then consult  
 The Means to ruin him, and make us happy.

REPLEVIN.

I humbly take my Leave——now, *Dasbwell*, boast  
 Thy Gains; I think I'm even with thee now.

[*Aside.*]

SCENE II.

BRUSSELLA *alone.*

I was upon the Precipice of Ruin,  
 If kind *Replevin* had not interpos'd  
 'Twixt me and Fate!—— I must believe him honest,  
 He spoke with such a naked Air of Truth,  
 Sincere and open in his whole Relation——  
 Ye tender Virgins, Oh in Time beware  
 The faithless Vows of Men! the greatest Part  
 Are false by Nature, but Attornies Clerks  
 Were wholly made for Perjuries and Falshood——  
 And lo, the falsest of 'em all approaches!  
 He's full of Glee, and seems as flush'd with Conquest  
 Of some poor Maid, and glories in her Fall.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

To her DASHWELL, *humming a careless Air.*

DASHWELL.

O my *Brussella*, I've the sweetest News  
To tell you ! Heavens, I have just now been  
Triumphing o'er——

BRUSSELLA.

Some hapless Nymph deceiv'd.  
No, *Dashwell*, 'tis not pleasing News to me ;  
Shou'd I laugh at the Weakness of my Sex,  
Betray'd by thine, I shou'd deserve their Fate.  
Hence from my Sight for ever ! I've discover'd  
A Scene so black, that, were I but to name it,  
My Cheeks would henceforth wear a lasting Blush,  
And glow with seeming Guilt—— send me no more  
Of your fine Letters ; if you do, I'll burn 'em  
Unread, unop'd, and have your Porter kick'd——  
Villain, can nothing save thy brutal Lust  
But spotless Virgins ? “ Having waste Ground enough,  
“ Do'st thou desire to raze the Sanctuary,  
“ And pitch thy Evils there ? ” O fie, fie, fie !  
'Tis dangerous to be alone with thee ;  
Farewel, thy Chambers-Plot is quite blown up :  
Be thy intended Guilt thy dire Tormentor !  
And rave to think thy Schemes abortive prove.

S C E N E



## S C E N E IV.

DASHWELL *alone.*

She parted frowning, and her angry Eyes  
Confirm'd the deep Repentment of her Soul——  
How short-liv'd is a Female's wav'ring Passion!  
Fantastick as the various Modes they wear!  
They change with ev'ry fickle Wind that blows,  
And e'en exceed the Inconstancy of Men——  
I us'd to laugh at all their Coquet-Airs;  
But dear *Bruffella's* Accusations strike  
Me dumb, and wonted Raillery's no more.  
Now, now I feel the Pains I've given others,  
And pity 'em too late!—— whence cou'd arise  
This unexpected Storm, and where will't end?——  
Wherein have I offended?—— Time must shew——  
She mention'd Chambers, and—— I know not what——  
Some Villain has bely'd me—— Oh *Replevin*,  
I'll find thee out; till when I am a Wretch!  
A loving Friend suspends our anxious Thoughts,  
Lulls 'em asleep, or chaces 'em away,  
And blunts the piercing Dart of sharpest Fate!

S C E N E

SCENE V.

*Replevin's Chambers.*

*Dashwell and Replevin.*

DASHWELL.

O my *Replevin*, O my much-lov'd Friend !  
 My Heart has sigh'd for thee since last we parted :  
 When thou art absent all's a Desert round me !  
 The Prattle-prattle of each am'rous Nymph  
 Is dull ; at best but sweet Impertinence.  
 Thou can't restore my wonted Peace of Mind,  
 Tho' plung'd in deep Despair ; thou can't infuse  
 The healing Balm into corrosive Cares,  
 And tune to Harmony my jarring Soul ;  
 At Sight of thee Joy dawns anew ; I feel  
 My better Half return'd, now I am perfect !

REPLEVIN.

*Dashwell*, thou speak'st the Language of a Friend,  
 But——

DASHWELL.

But what ? I'm sure thou can't not doubt me.  
 We do not live and breathe but for each other.  
 I'm Tempest-toss'd, I look with longing Eyes  
 On thee, the wish'd for Shore, which I must reach,  
 Or perish in th' outrageous Waves of Woe !

REPLEVIN.

REPLEVIN.

Thou cannot, after what thou'st said and done,  
Expect that I will lend a helping Hand  
To save thee sinking under thy just Doom.  
No ; thou hast us'd me ill, and I'll resent it  
As fits an injur'd Friend——hence, from this Moment,  
I'll ne'er have Conversation with thee more.

DASHWELL.

What will the Fates do wi' me?— I thought *Bruffella's*  
Chiding had plung'd me in the deepest Anguish,  
But I find deeper still in losing thee!  
What have I done thus to deserve thy Hate?  
Whate'er it be ; say, shall one Error blast  
That Friendship, which has flourish'd since our Birth ?  
Can'st thou forget our infant, boyish Love,  
Which was so dear, we still were Brothers stil'd,  
“ Alike our Passions, and our Taste the same ?  
We both were bred together at one School,  
And now are Clerks to the two best of Masters,  
Who're intimate, and pleas'd to see us so——  
If I've done aught amiss, I'll ask thy Pardon :  
If not, pray give me Leave to right myself.

REPLEVIN.

Was it well done, when sweet *Stitchinda* spoke  
To my Advantage, to resent her Goodness,  
And say I was an undermining Villain ?

D

Have

### 34 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Have I deny'd thee aught within my Pow'r ?  
 Thou knows thou'lt often shar'd with me my Purse,  
 When I have had Occasion for the Whole ;  
 Cou'd'st thou not in Return have let me shar'd  
 With thee, in the Enjoyment of *Stitchinda* ?  
*Stitchinda*, whom thy Appetite had fed on  
 'Till it was cloy'd, and loath'd the luscious Banquet ;  
 Altho' not *Tawistock*, nor other Street  
 In *Covent-Garden*, boasts a Milliner  
 So brisk, so gay, so modish as *Stitchinda* !  
 Cou'd'st thou not, when she faded in thy Eye,  
 Have suffer'd me, who thought her blooming still,  
 To have possess'd her, if I cou'd succeed ?  
 But thou must needs be like the Dog i'th' Fable,  
 Not eat thyself, and hinder those that wou'd.

DASHWELL.

I hinder thee ! No ; by my Soul I will  
 Do all thou can'st desire to make her thine :  
 I have a Scheme, if thou wilt in it join,  
 Shall give her to thy Arms this very Night.

REFLEVIN.

No, hence I'll act upon my own Foundation,  
 I wo'not owe my future Bliss to thee ;  
 But, like the Spider, spin my Happiness  
 From my own Bowels, tho' To-day thou told'st  
*Stitchinda*, that I was——

DASHWELL.



DASHWELL.

By Heavens I did not name you  
 To her To-day ; 'tis true, we had a Quarrel,  
 But 'twas because I had neglected her,  
 And offer'd up my Vows at the dear Shrine  
 Of lovelier *Bruffella* : At this I left her  
 Inrag'd, to meditate upon Revenge :  
 Thence I'd infer, if you have seen her since,  
 She has accus'd me falsely, and made you  
 (As she is very free) some kind Advances,  
 In order to engage you in her Int'rest,  
 And make you th' Instrument of her Revenge.  
 Nay, sh'as employ'd some other Agents in't,  
 And strove t'undo me in *Bruffella's* Favour.  
 I only guess so ; yet 'tis very likely ;  
 For what wo'n't Women in their Fury do ?

REPLEVIN.

It must be so. How have I been deceiv'd !  
 Oh *Dashwell*, *Dashwell*, rightly thou divines——  
 Can'st thou forgive me—— I'm but Half a Villain,  
 Thou'st stopp'd me in the full Career of Guilt,  
 Happ'ly for thee, and doubly so for me ;  
 I'ad laid a thousand fatal Schemes against thee,  
 That must have ended in thy utter Ruin ;  
 Which if they had, as thou art innocent,  
 I shou'd have torn this curst Frame in Pieces,  
 A Sacrifice to thy poor injur'd Ghost——

D 2

'Twas

### 36 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

'Twas I work'd up *Bruffella's* Rage against thee;  
But I will let her know who set me on,

And have thee re-instated in her Favour——

*Dashwell*, I dare not hope a Pardon from thee;

All I can say t'extenuate my Crimes,

“ Lust weaken'd me, and busy Satan tempted

“ Me with his worst of Baits, deluding Woman!

“ As our first Father fell, so fell your Friend.

DASHWELL.

Enough; to err is human—— O *Replevin*,

May no Misfortune e'er divide us more!

REPLEVIN.

*Amen* to that sweet Prayer!—— And now my *Dashwell*,

Since we've discover'd fly *Stitchinda's* Plot,

Let's try if we can't lie one that's too subtle

For her t'unravel—— said you not just now,

That you cou'd give her to my Arms To-night?

DASHWELL.

I will if Fortune smiles as heretofore.

I've had a thousand Quarrels with *Stitchinda*;

I own my Faults, ask Pardon, she relents,

I sigh, she melts, and is deceiv'd again——

While you're at Dinner, I'll a Letter write

To midwife into Birth my Embrio-Scheme.

REPLEVIN.

Adieu; succeed—— I'll wait for you at Chambers.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Stitchinda's Bed-Chamber.

STITCHINDA alone.

Oh *Dashwell*, 'tis in vain to live without thee!  
 My Rage is cool, and thou art dear as ever!  
 I've travers'd all my Thoughts to find some Means  
 To shake thee off, but they refuse their Aid,  
 And fondly wish that we were Friends again.  
 I ask'd my foolish Heart, where now 'twould place  
 Its Joy? It answer'd, with a tender Sigh,  
 In *Dashwell*!—— and I fear it is too true!  
 Each Object joins with him; that conscious Bed  
 Awakes the Scenes of Love we've acted there;  
 Reflection pours afresh our sweet Endearments,  
 They roll in Tides of Softness to my Heart,  
 And with their Torrent drown my harsh Resolves!——  
 A Lover's Anger's short; perhaps he may,  
 As he was wont, sue for a Reconcilement——  
 I must unsay all I have told *Replewin*——  
 What shall I do to amuse my present Thoughts?  
 Inausate Work, 'tis splenetick and dull!——  
 I'll read the dear *At'lantis*; it will be  
 Some Ease to find a thousand Females there  
 Weak as myself, and who, like me, have fall'n  
 By that Invader, All-subduing Love.

SCENE VII.

*The Shop.*

CAMBRICKA, *to her* a PORTER.

PORTER.

For Miss *Stichinda* I've a Letter brought,

CAMBRICKA.

I'll give it her as soon as she comes in.

SCENE VIII.

CAMBRICKA *alone.*

This Morn she op'd a a Letter sent to me,

Now in Return I'll do as much for her——

'Tis *Dashwell's* Hand!—— perhaps it may discover

Something, if hid, might prejudice *Bruffella*——

“ Leave gentle Wax! deliver up thy Trust.

*[Opens it and reads.*

“ Dear injur'd Miss!

“ **W**HEN I was this Morning with you, I'm afraid  
 “ my Passion betray'd me into a thousand In-  
 “ discretions; I'm now cool, and look back with  
 “ Horror at my Madness and Folly! I long to throw  
 “ myself at your Feet, acknowledge my Faults, and  
 “ ask your Pardon, which I hope you'll grant: The  
 “ Gods only require of us a Confession of our Offences,  
 “ and a sincere Repentance; will you then expect more?

“ No



“ No, I’m persuaded you’ll resemble them in Mercy,  
 “ as you do in their other divine Attributes!—— I shall  
 “ be with you almost as soon as this Letter; pardon my  
 “ abrupt Intrusion: Necessity cuts off all Ceremony: I  
 “ die to see you to know my Fate, for Doubt’s the worst  
 “ State of Mind to

Your fond

*Inner Temple*  
*Thursday, past 3.*

WILL. DASHWELL.

Tender and kind enough——

## SCENE IX.

*To her Brussella.*

BRUSSELLA.

My dear *Cambricka*,  
 I cou’d not pass but I must call upon you——  
 So! you’ve receiv’d a Letter from some Spark;  
 I’ll warrant a new Conquest.

CAMBRICKA.

No, indeed;  
 Read it; it more relates to you than me.

[*Gives her the Letter.*]

BRUSSELLA.

’Tis for *Stitchinda*.

CAMBRICKA.

Read it; ’tis very fine!  
 I know you’ll like it, because *Dashwell* wrote it——

40 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Well, thank my Stars ! *Replevin*, my Admirer,  
Wants *Dasbwell's* Wit ; yet he has Sense enough ;  
He's constant and good-natur'd ; and those two  
Amplly supply the Want of wicked Wit——  
Methinks her Ladyship's not so much mov'd  
As I expected ; perhaps her vast Surprise  
Has snatch'd away her Words, and made her mute.——

[*Aside.*

Well, Miss, you bear it with heroick Patience.

[*To her.*

BRUSSELLA.

'Tis but a Proof of what *Replevin* told me——  
The Letter says, he will be here this Moment ;

*Returns it.*

*Cambricka*, over-hear 'em if you can,  
And bring me the Result of their Discourse.  
I'll tax him with it, when we meet together,  
And call you as a Witness of his Falshood.

SCENE X.

CAMBRICKA *alone.*

I'll seal this Letter up with so much Art,  
She sha'n't perceive that I have broke it open.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

*A Parlour joining to the Shop.*

STITCHINDA *alone, reading the Letter.*

He writes so soft I have not Power to chide him.  
He knows too well the Passage to my Heart ;  
He's as oft been there, 'tis ever open to him !——  
He comes, and in his Eyes bears great Respect  
And Tendernefs !—— “ so sweet can ne'er be fatal ”——  
The Joys of Reconcilement far o'erpay  
The Pangs, which am'rous Fallings-out inflict.

[*Cambricka liffning.*]

Here I, unseen, can hear the Dialogue.

SCENE XII.

*Stitchinda and Dashwell.*

DASHWELL.

I see, dear Miss, you have receiv'd my Letter,  
Which breathes the Dictates of a Heart sincere ;  
A Heart that languishes in your Displeasure !  
Since last I saw you I have suffer'd more,  
Far more, than Words pathetick can express !  
For who can paint the Anguish of a Lover,  
When he is conscious he has wrong'd the Fair,  
That to his Soul's as dear as you're to mine ?

## 42 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

I almost wish that you had felt the Same,  
That you from thence might pity and forgive me.  
'Tis the last Time, I hope, I shall have Cause  
To ask you, since I wo'n't offend you more.

STITCHINDA.

*Dashwell*, you promise more than you'll perform;  
But, be it as it may, once more I'll trust you:  
Whene'er you sigh I with you sympathize;  
Wou'd it were so with you, we might be happy!

DASHWELL.

It is, it is; how can I be unkind  
To so much Sweetness, Tenderness and Love?  
Far be it from me e'er to be ungrateful.  
'Tis true my wand'ring Eyes have gaz'd on others,  
And thought 'em fair, but you still had my Heart.  
Good Heav'n, why have you not some Fault about you,  
That I might like you less, and have more Ease?—  
What do I say?— I rave—— I wou'd not have you  
Less amiable, nor can you be more lovely.

STITCHINDA.

You say the same to e'ery Girl you know.

DASHWELL.

No, Miss; but all must say the same to you.

STITCHINDA.



I us'd to think you secret as the Grave,  
But fancy now, as soon as you go hence,  
You'll let *Brussella* know the easy Conquest  
You've made of me, fond to expose my Weakness.

DASHWELL.

You wrong me much: I had not gone last Night,  
But that *Replewin* almost forc'd me to't,  
Because a female Favourite of his  
Was there, and begg'd I'd make a Partner with 'em;  
I cou'd not well deny him; he's my Friend,  
And never fails to oblige me when he can.  
I sent you an Excuse with great Regret,  
Because I lost a happier Night with you.

STITCHINDA.

Did you then ne'er address the pert *Brussella*,  
Did you not tell her, that you doated on her,  
And——

DASHWELL.

I doat on her! She is vain enough  
To think, that ev'ry Fellow that looks at her  
Is her Admirer; I must think her handsome,  
(Which I ne'er did) before I tell her so;  
No; she with Affectation spoils the Share,  
The little Share of Charms Nature has giv'n.

Can

#### 44 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

Can I be more than bless'd, can I be more  
Than happy? Wou'd I stoop to any second,  
While I'm possess'd of you the first of Beauties?  
Wou'd I exchange the more substantial Bliss  
I've tasted in your Arms, and hope again  
To taste, for the insipid chaste Embrace  
Of such a Prude, and vain Coquet as she?  
For she is both, and surely the first Girl  
That e'er possess'd that vile Antithesis.

STITCHINDA.

Why, you extoll'd her to the Stars this Morn,  
How comes it now that——

DASHWELL.

I must say something  
To guard myself; you rally'd me so close,  
That I was forc'd to shelter under Falshood,  
Because with Justice I cou'd not upbraid you——  
I know your Soul disdains the Thoughts of Malice;  
'Tis the last Time I hope we e'er shall differ,  
And that your Goodness will excuse my Folly.

STITCHINDA.

I do; and since you thus sincerely own  
What you have done amiss, and disapprove it,  
Hence let all Discord and Suspicions cease.  
Command what Proof you please of my Forgiveness,  
And I'll confirm it with my free Consent.

DASHWELL.

DASHWELL.

O happy, happy *Dashwell*! with new Life  
 I breathe; you have dispell'd the fullen Gloom  
 That clouded all my Mind; my drooping Soul  
 Revives with Joy, and my late aching Heart  
 Swells with the high Spring-tide of full Delight.  
 Thus Roses nightly lie intomb'd in Shrines  
 Of liquid Dew, and mourn their short-liv'd Being,  
 'Till next Day's Sun exhales their pearly Drops  
 And wipes away their Tears, then chearful ope  
 Their leafy Sweets, and pay their grateful Odors  
 With Virgin Blushes to his pow'rful Rays——  
 Say, gentle Miss, say, may I hope you'll come  
 To-night to Chambers?— Come, and make me happy;  
 ——Let me insist upon't—— at Ten o'Clock——  
 Your modest Silence witnesses Consent,  
 You blush a grateful Answer.

STITCHINDA.

You mistake,  
 I blush at your Assurance—— 'tis not safe  
 To come; your Master is in Town, and lies  
 At Chambers, the next Room to your's you know.

DASHWELL.

So much the better; Danger sweetens Love.

STITCHINDA.

46 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

STITCHINDA.

Have you forgot, the last Time I was there,  
We'ad like to have been catch'd in Bed together.  
Pray let's defer it 'till a safer Season

DASHWELL.

O we are most secure when he's at Chambers;  
When not, he oft comes unexpected Home,  
And then indeed we stand a dangerous Chance!—  
Last Night he sat up late, To-day he's ill,  
Early he'll go to Bed—— I'll leave the Door  
Half op'n; steal you gently in, and lock it;  
If he shou'd hear you, he'll conclude 'tis I,  
Only take care you speak not the least Word;  
There needs no Language in that soft Affair,  
But shortly-breathing Sighs, and dying Accents——  
Besides, I know not when I shall again  
Have such an Opportunity as this;  
To-morrow Morning I go down to York  
To visit my Relations, whence I can't  
Return 'till a few Days before next Term;  
Therefore I must take Leave of you To-night,  
Not with a cold Salute, but warm Embrace.

STITCHINDA.

Adieu; expect me at the Hour appointed.

DASHWELL.



DASHWELL.

I'll wait with th' utmost Longings and Impatience! —  
 I'll trap you now, or else the Devil's in't.

[*Aside, going off.*]

## S C E N E XIII.

Bruffella's Apartment.

Bruffella and Cambricka.

BRUSSELLA.

So then, there was an easy Reconcilement?

CAMBRICKA.

Extremely so; but his last Words discover'd,  
 That what he said was only to deceive her —  
 Let me advise you; take a Draught of Opium  
 To lay you in deep Sleep, Death's Counterfeit;  
 That done, I'll send for him at Ten o'Clock,  
 And let him know you're on the Verge of Life,  
 And must speak with him 'ere you are no more.  
 (His Master's at his Country-house at *Epsom*,  
 Tho' Miss *Stichinda* thinks that he's in Town.)  
 If *Dashwell* comes, and much regrets your Death,  
 He'll shew his Tenderness and Love in that,  
 You'll see he'll make th' Eclaircissement to us.  
 I doubt not, Miss, but all Things will end well,  
 Better than I can in Idea form 'em.

BRUSSELLA.

## 48 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

BRUSSELLA.

I'll follow your Advice ; for, oh *Cambricka*,  
I find I love him, and will venture all  
To fix him mine, or else for ever lose him !

### SCENE XIV.

*Replevin's Chambers.*

*Dashwell and Replevin.*

DASHWELL.

*Replevin*, all is done, and you may lie  
With Miss *Stitchinda* if you please To-night.

REPLEVIN.

O don't flatter me with such Success,  
But if 'tis true, again, again repeat it.

DASHWELL.

The Case is thus ; at Ten o'Clock she comes  
In private to our Chambers ; she believes  
My Master's there, so wo'n't speak a Word ;  
Her Ladyship will softly steal to Bed,  
As she has done a hundred Times before ;  
You pass for me, then you've but this to do,  
Receive her to your Arms, and — use her well.

REPLEVIN.

REPLEVIN.

Why, this is Kindness, not Revenge on her.

DASHWELL.

Observe the Sequel: while you're thus engag'd  
In youthful Dalliance, I'll find some Means  
To let *Bruffella* and *Cambricka* know  
Of the Adventure, but conceal your Name;  
I'll let 'em see and triumph o'er the Jilt.

REPLEVIN.

Ay, this would do, if I'm not in the Scrape;  
We must contrive some artful Way for me  
To get off undiscover'd, else I lose  
*Cambricka*.

DASHWELL.

Nothing's easier to be done.  
We'll go directly to the Dining-room  
As soon as e'er we enter; I'll amuse 'em  
'Till you have made *Stitchinda* an Excuse,  
Put on your Cloaths, and stole away unseen;  
I fancy you'll not leave her with Regret,  
For, if you spend the Moments as you ought,  
You naturally, before we come, may have  
A Surfeit of Felicity and Love.  
When she is gone, I'll send a Porter for you,  
And you may come without the least Suspicion.

E

REPLEVIN.

50 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

REFLEVIN.

I think you've underta'en a doubtful Matter.

DASHWELL.

We'll to the Head, and o'er a Glafs of red  
Contrive the rest ; doubt not, we'll gain our Point.  
Come, we will let these cunning Mill'ners know  
Attornies Clerks can match the subtlest of 'em.

S C E N E XV.

*King's-Bench Walks.*

DASHWELL *alone.*

The Watch are set ; 'tis turn'd of Ten o'Clock——  
What if *Stitchinda* comes not ?—— ha, a Chair——  
'Tis she—— all's right ; *Replevin's* ready for her ;  
She'll be deceiv'd, but yet not disappointed——  
Now all is ripe for a Discovery——  
Methinks that Porter seems to bend his Steps  
Towards our Chambers ; 'not a Gentleman  
Belonging to our Stair-case is in Town ;  
Who can he want ?—— 'tis *Dick*——

[ *To him a PORTER.* ]

What Message bring you ?

PORTER.

Sir, Miss *Brussella's* dying, and must see you.

DASHWELL.



DASHWELL.

Ye Pow'rs ! O lend me Wings as quick as Thought  
To fly to her Assistance !

SCENE XVI.

*Brussella's Apartment.*

*Dashwell and Cambricka meeting.*

O *Cambricka*,

Haste, tell me, how does dear *Brussella* do ?

CAMBRICKA.

Some strong Convulsions seiz'd her, and all Aid

Prov'd ineffectual ; she has breath'd her last !

She rav'd in broken Accents of her *Dashwell*,

And the last tender Word she sigh'd was *Dashwell* !

DASHWELL.

No more, no more !—— Is she then gone for ever,

And knew not with what Tenderness I lov'd her ?——

Sun, henceforth rise no more ! thy Beams can shed

No Chearfulness on me—— break, break, my Heart,

For if thou hold'st I am a Wretch indeed !——

Conduct me to the Body, the sad Sight

Will strike me dead, then I shall be at rest.

## S C E N E XVII.

*[Scene opens and discovers Bruffella on a Couch.]*

*Dashwell* approaches her.

Dearest *Bruffella*!—*[Kisses her.]* Oh thou fragrant Rose,  
Thou look'st so passing Fair, and smells so sweet,  
Thou seems as thou were growing, tho' thou'rt pluck'd,  
Unfading ev'n in Death! — She was my All;  
My Soul hung on her, liv'd upon her Sight.  
Each Time I gaz'd upon her lovely Form,  
I saw new Beauties, with their youthful Graces,  
Blooming afresh, augmenting the Mature:  
Like to the Citron-Tree that bears at once  
Blossoms and fairest Fruit.

CAMBRICKA.

Oh fatal Loss!

DASHWELL.

The balmy Breath that sever'd those wan Lips,  
Carnation Colour once! and in its Passage  
Gave and receiv'd Perfumes, is now no more!  
Since thou art dead, I wo'n't, can't, survive;  
My eager Soul struggles within my Bosom,  
And longs to take its Flight, and join with thine;  
O then, if ever I was dear to thee,  
Forego Felicity for one short Moment,  
And take with thee thy fond expiring Lover!

CAMBRICK A

CAMBRICKA.

Oh *Dashwell*, all your Grief and kind Complaints  
Are vain, you can't recall her back to Life!

DASHWELL.

See! where her Spirit hovers o'er my Head!  
Lo, with what Courtesy it waves me hence!  
I come—— I faint—— I'll die upon a Kiss!

CAMBRICKA.

Awake *Bruffella*, or your Counterfeit  
Of Death will prove a certain Death to him.

BRUSSELLA.

I hear his charming Words, and the known Voice  
Lures back my Soul, and gives me a new Being;  
And see by Sympathy his Life returns!

DASHWELL.

Hail ye *Elizian* Shades! Ye myrtle Groves,  
Ye willow Garlands, and ye Trees, whose Bark  
Records the faithful Vows of Lovers, hail!  
All hail *Bruffella*! Thou'rt the first kind Ghost  
That welcomes mine; now we will part no more!

BRUSSELLA.

He raves—— *Cambricka*, help me to support him——  
Awake my *Dashwell*, 'tis *Bruffella* calls;  
She lives to see thee true, to see thee her's.

54 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

DASHWELL.

How shall I trust my Eyes? Just now you seem'd  
Inanimate; but now you breathe and speak  
The softest Things to your enamour'd *Dashwell*! —  
Oh say, what God has thus restor'd your Life?

BRUSSELLA.

I'll let you know the whole before we part —  
Pray what becomes of Miss *Stitchinda* now?  
I heard you were engag'd with her To-night.

DASHWELL.

I wo'n't inquire how you came to know't;  
But if you please to go with me to Chambers,  
I'll shew you something that shall not displease;  
When we are there I'll send for young *Replevin* —  
A Friend of mine supplies my Place with her.

BRUSSELLA.

Well, I will trust myself with you at Chambers,  
Since I have Miss *Cambricka* for my Guard.

SCENE XVIII.

*A Dining-room in Dashwell's Chambers.*

*Dashwell, Brussella and Cambricka.*

DASHWELL.

I pray sit down; I'll wait of you this Moment.

SCENE



## S C E N E XIX.

*Another Room.**Dashwell, to him Replevin in a Night-gown.*

REPLEVIN.

Well, I've had charming Sport; she ne'er suspected  
Th' Imposture 'till you came, and then I spoke,  
But so disguis'd my Voice she did not know it;  
I told her I was sure that you were come,  
Therefore I'd rise and steal away unseen,  
And you might go to Bed as you'ad appointed,  
Not thinking that another had been there.  
I said I'ad Reasons to conceal myself  
To-night, but that I wou'd unmask To-morrow.  
Amazement held her Mute, and so I left her.

DASHWELL.

Haste Home, slip on your Coat, and soon return;  
I'll quickly send her Ladyship away;  
I'll tell her I must lie alone To-night,  
And won't be disturb'd with a Bed-fellow.

S C E N E

S C E N E   XX.

*The Bed-chamber.*

*Dashwell*, with *Stitchinda* loosely dress'd.

STITCHINDA.

*Dashwell*, what mean you by this rude Behaviour?

DASHWELL.

*Bruffella* and *Cambricka* will inform you.

S C E N E   XXI.

*To them Bruffella and Cambricka,*

STITCHINDA.

Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

[*Aside.*]

BRUSSELLA.

Your Servant, Miss, I hope the Gentleman  
Has us'd you kindly, shou'd you chance to breed  
I'll stand a God-mother, you may command me;  
And I'll prevail on *Dashwell* to befriend you.

STITCHINDA.

You have o'er-reach'd me now, but, in my Turn,  
I doubt not but to pay you all in kind.

BRUSSELLA.

BRUSSELLA, CAMBRICKA, and DASHWELL.  
Ha, ha, he.

BRUSSELLA.

Pray, *Dashwell*, call her Ladyship a Chair,  
'Twou'd be unkind to let her walk it Home;  
She may catch Cold after her warm Encounter.

[*Dashwell sees her out.*

SCENE XXII.

*Brussella and Cambricka.*

BRUSSELLA.

If e'er *Stichinda* offers to affront you,  
You have it in your Pow'r to silence her——  
*Dashwell* has hid her Spark, but we will know him.

SCENE XXIII.

*Dashwell returns to them.*

DASHWELL.

She parted with most horrid Imprecations——  
Here's young *Replevin*; so, I'm glad you're come.

SCENE

58 *The* INTRIGUING MILLINERS

SCENE *the last.*

*Dashwell, Replevin, Brussella, and Cambricka.*

REPLEVIN.

Ladies, your Servant ; this is the first Time  
I've had the Happiness to see you here.

CAMBRICKA.

We have such News—— *Stitchinda* has been here.

REPLEVIN.

*Stitchinda* here !— for what ?— why, you surprize me.

BRUSSELLA.

Here's *Dashwell* will relate the whole.

DASHWELL.

I will.

We'll spend this Night as happily as the last.

[*Dashwell comes forward.*]

To you Attornies Clerks that grace the Pit,

My Actions and my Conduct I submit :

You're fickle Sparks ; if my Intrigues you blame,

Yourselves you censure, for you've done the same.

*The* E N D.





# EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

*I Swear I can't the Author's Meaning scan ;  
Find you the Plot and Moral if you can :*

*Indeed he tells you—— what you knew before,  
A Clerk's a Rogue, a Milliner's a Whore.*

*A mighty fine Discovery ! the Fool*

*Might as well said that he himself is dull.*

*Why then since he has baulk'd this goodly House,*

*And made his Mountain-Schemes bring forth a Mouse :*

*Since he has thus your Expectation sham'd,*

*To make him of his paultry Stuff asham'd,*

*“ My humble Motion is—— he may be damn'd.”*

}



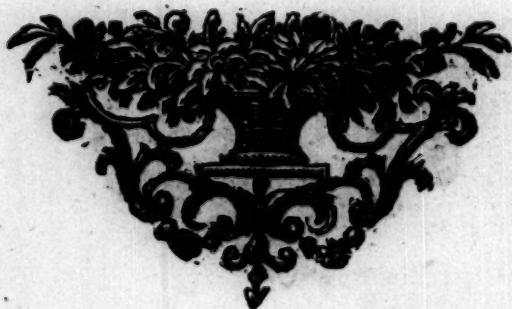


## To the AUTHOR.

Written extempore by a young L A D Y.

**I** To my Sister read your Play,  
Who so against it rav'd,  
That my Persuasion scarce avail'd,  
From Flames to have it sav'd.  
Poor Wretches thus, by Romish Priests,  
With idle Tales are sham'd;  
From Purgatory they're releas'd,  
Tho' certain to be Damn'd.

H. F. J—s.





# P O E M S


O N

## Several Occasions.



On Miss B. BELLEFONT.

*In Imitation of the Style of Ambrose Phillips Esq;*

\*  PRETTY *Bid*, who can impart  
Softest Wishes to my Heart,  
Angel in your Form and Air,  
Fairest you among the Fair;

And your Eyes that all admire,  
Eyes that sparkle with Desire,

And

\* See his Verses on Lady Carteret.

62 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

And your lovely blooming Cheek,  
And your Alabaster Neck ;  
And your Lips design'd for Kisses,  
Preludes to more melting Blissess ;  
And your snowy swelling Breast,  
Breast that heaves with Wishes chaste ;  
And your Shape beyond compare,  
And your—— something else that's near,  
And your pretty little Feet  
From the Heel to Toe compleat ;  
And your modish Taste in Dressing,  
Ever grave and ever pleasing ;  
These wou'd fan a dying Fire,  
And raise in us a new Desire.

When you smile, you look so pretty,  
When you speak, you talk so witty,  
In vain I with my Passion strive,  
You're the sweetest Thing alive.

“ Happy thrice and thrice again,  
“ Happy't he of happy Men,  
Who shall, blest'd with such a Wife,  
Taste the sweetest Joys of Life ;  
May I be the happy Man !  
Rival me in Bliss who can.



On the Same.

*Mr. Thomson's Style, Imitated.*

\* **O** *Bellefont*, thee the lavish Hand of Nature  
 With every Grace to captivate the Soul,  
 Has deck'd profusely; each enamour'd Youth  
 With ardent Eyes runs o'er your matchless Form  
 Delighted, strait a pleasing Anguish spreads  
 Thro' all his Bosom, plays in every Vein,  
 And rolls in Tides of Softness to his Heart——  
 Rapt in Ideas of the charming Fair,  
 In Strains like mine, poor, meaningless, and dull,  
 But full of Adoration, Sighs, and Vows  
 Of Love eternal, he attempts to paint  
 The Angel-Shape, the Bloom, the kindling Look,  
 The Alabaster Bosom, whiter far  
 Than *Alpine* Snow; for which he fondly melts:  
 But ah, how faint are Words! Eyes, Eyes alone  
 Can speak the Dictates of a Love-sick Heart——  
 Behold she moves, observe her swimming Air,  
 She treads so light she scarcely tips the Ground,  
 As if some Pow'r divine inspir'd her Steps  
 And gave that graceful Motion!—— O how oft  
 Have I, with pleas'd Attention, to her Voice  
 Harmonious listen'd, while by Turns a Smile  
 Effusing Heav'n, or keen-enchancing Glance  
 Each Period aptly grac'd: I feel 'em now

\* See his Seasons.

With

64 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

With kind Emotions thrill my panting Heart,  
A thousand sweet Ideas o'er my Mind  
Their Torrent-Softness pour, Imagination glows,  
My Soul's elate, my raptur'd Fancy soars  
With eager Wish to catch your every Charm,  
And sing their wond'rous Force ; but oh in vain !  
The more I gaze upon your radiant Eyes  
The more their Lustre dazzles ; I am lost  
In Admiration, and must leave the Theme  
To Lays Angelic, not for Mortal fit.



On the Same.

*Dr. Young's Style Imitated.*

\* **M**Y Theme is Beauty ; *Bellefont*, read my Lays,  
And patronize a Muse that sings your Praise ;  
Your Name my worthless Rhymes with Bays will crown,  
And throw a Lustre round 'em like your own.  
Forgive me if some Females I shall blame,  
Since lashing them will add to your bright Fame.

*Coquetta*, Jilt profess'd, bilks all she knows,  
From Men of Sense to Coxcombs and to Beaux.  
*Prudena* vows she'll odious Men despise,  
Yet with her Groom in guilty Transports lies.  
*Profusa*, fond to ape the lavish Great,  
Snaps up an Heir just come to his Estate ;

\* See his Universal Passion.

His ancient Oaks and large Demefnes are fold  
To deck his Nymph with Diamonds fet in Gold,  
A modifh Watch with all its Equipage,  
A gilded Chariot and the beft Brocade :  
Two Months (the fure Forerunner of his Fall)  
They blaze i'th' Box, and sparkle at the Ball ;  
At length his Farms are flown, to Jail he's fent,  
Where he'll have Time his Follies to repent.

But you, to Innocence and Virtue true,  
Can charm your Vot'ry, and inſtruct him too ;  
Your ſweet-endearing Smiles will be the Balm  
Of all his Sorrows, and in Storms his Calm ;  
May he, improv'd by you, by juſt Degrees,  
Equal your Virtues, and your Fancy pleaſe !  
In mutual Bliffes melt your Hours away,  
" And Life ſhall ſeem but one long Bridal-day.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the Same.

*Mr. Pope's Style Imitated.*

\* **B** Right Maid, ~~whole~~ fair Example makes the Lewd  
Regret their Virtue loſt, and mends the Good ;  
You wake the Soul from Dreams of idle Joys,  
To tread in Honour's Path, and ſpurn at Toys ;  
Thus Flow'rs, that languish all the Night, renew  
Their faded Bloom with Light and genial Dew.

F

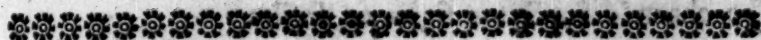
\* See his Ethic Epistles.

# 66 POEMS on several Occasions.

O let me spend with you the live-long Day,  
 And from your Sun of Virtue catch a Ray;  
 Teach me, like you, a Foe to Vice profess'd,  
 By all the wise and good to be caref'd:  
 Like you in Reason strong, in Sense refin'd,  
 Solve every Doubt with native Force of Mind.  
 Good Heav'n! e'en Opposites in you agree,  
 Tho' low, genteel, tho' chaste, yet very free,  
 In Manners polish'd, in your Person neat,  
 Not vain, tho' witty, and tho' gay, discreet,  
 To your own Faults (if Faults you have) severe,  
 In Friendship faithful, and in Thought sincere.  
 O tell me, since all others I resign,  
 Say, may I one Day hope to call you mine?  
 I must, I will—— I can't without you live,  
 You are the last great Blessing Heav'n can give;  
 Such Sweetness in your Form and Mind unites,  
 The Days would pass in Peace, in Bliss the Nights.







*Natura Præstantior Arte.*

Upon Miss Peggy B----k----n.

**I**ngenious *Hogarth*, all the Town  
 Britain's *Apelles* justly own,  
 To see his Portraits all repair,  
 For they excel the fairest Fair ;  
 Whate'er is beauteous there you meet,  
 No Flaw to pall, there all's compleat ;  
 He plays the God with all he draws !  
 Each Picture meets with just Applause,  
 His curious Strokes with Nature strive,  
 They soften into Flesh, they live :  
 So artfully they cheat the Eye,  
 You speak, and wait for a Reply :  
 While I have view'd each mimick Charm,  
 I've felt my swelling Bosom warm,  
 Kindle with pleasing am'rous Fires,  
 And glowing melt with soft Desires,  
 Delusion sweet ! his matchless Art  
 Is Nature's self, it wounds the Heart !  
 If he presents a Piece that's gay,  
 Thro' all your Veins kind Raptures play !  
 But if a weeping one he shew,  
 Your sympathizing Tears flow ;

## 68 POEMS on several Occasions.

So sweetly he the Sight beguiles,  
The charm'd Spectator sighs or smiles  
As he directs: All tacit gaze,  
And not with Words, but Silence, praise.  
So at our *Shakspear's* magick Call,  
Alternate Passions rise and fall!

\* He once, in Fancy's highest Flow,  
Design'd his Master-piece to shew,  
And, in his Flights, resolv'd to try  
Great Nature's choicest Works t'out-vie:  
" For she, he thought, too sparing gave,  
" Few, few or none all Graces have:  
" One has a charming Height and Air,  
" With sparkling Eyes and jet-black Hair:  
" In all she says another shines,  
" But wants a Shape, and therefore pines!  
" A Third is pretty, but she's low!  
" Still some Defect's our Fate you know;  
" But mine with all that's bright shall glow!  
" My pencil'd Beauty shall out-shine  
" Whate'er is Mortal or Divine!  
" I'll make, to strike the ravish'd Soul,  
" Her Eyes in fancy'd Fluid roll!  
" And all th'attractive Charms I trace,  
" My breathing Colours shall express!  
" I'll take from each excelling Fair,  
" Each fav'rite Feature that they wear:

\* Hogarth.

" I'll

POEMS on several Occasions. 69

- " I'll steal *Corinna's* piercing Eye!  
 " And blooming Tinct of Heav'n's own Dye!  
 " I'll borrow gay *Ophelia's* Air!  
 " And Hand more white than Lillies are!  
 " I'll *Celia* of her Shape beguile!  
 " *Cordelia's* sweet bewitching Smile,  
 " And pretty Dimple in each Cheek,  
 " With sprightly *Chloe's* well-turn'd Neck,  
 " Soft *Arethusa's* snowy Breast  
 " Shall sweetly join to form the rest!

To perfect's Piece he took his Way,  
 To where gay *Belles* o'er saunt'ring Tea  
 In am'rous Prattle waste the Day.

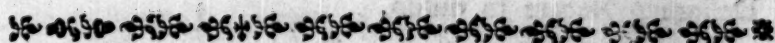
(For *Hogarth*, wheresoe'er he'll call,  
 Is well receiv'd and thank'd by all.)  
 Among the rest was *Peggy* plac'd,  
 They all were fair; but she was grac'd  
 With something so divinely bright,  
 That I want Words to paint her right;  
 He well perus'd her charming Face,  
 There saw united ev'ry Grace,  
 That e'er adorn'd the Female Race!  
 Her Eyes the brightest Beams dispense,  
 Yet all is mix'd with Innocence!  
 The matchless Symmetry o'th' whole  
 Plays in his Eye, and fires his Soul!  
 His Colour went and came by Turns,  
 Now he's all Ice, and then he burns!

70 POEMS on several Occasions.

He's rapt, he's lost in deep Surprise,  
 He sighs, but knows not that he sighs!  
 He gaz'd enamour'd : thrice essay'd  
 To breathe out, fair, angelick Maid!  
 Its Office thrice his Tongue forfook,  
 And in faint fault'ring Accents broke!  
 At length, " 'tis she! 'tis she! he cries,  
 " 'Tis *Venus*' self has left the Skies!  
 " There! there she sits in sweet Disguise!  
 The Ladies smil'd at the Deceit,  
 And freely own'd the pretty Cheat :  
 'Tis *B---k---n* who thus strikes your Eyes,  
*B---k---n*! for whom each Lover sighs!  
 For whom each sickens, pines, and dies!  
 " Quoth he, such Charms I cannot paint,  
 " The lively'st Strokes to her are faint!  
 " How weak is Fancy's richest Flight,  
 " It ne'er can reach such Beauty's Height!  
 " I own my boasted Project's vain;  
 " I'll ne'er of Nature's Works complain,  
 " In *B---k---n* they'll triumphant reign!







On the Same.

*As Alter'd by Henry Stonecastle, Esq;*

O *Hogarth*, thee th' admiring Town  
*Britain's Apelles* justly own;  
 For thy great Strokes with Nature strive,  
 And bid the glowing Canvas live;  
 So artfully they cheat the Eye,  
 We speak, and wait for a Reply.  
 O *Hogarth*, pictur'd by thy Care,  
 While I have seen the blooming Fair,  
 While I have view'd each mimick Charm,  
 I've felt my swelling Bosom warm,  
 Kindle with pleasing am'rous Fires,  
 And glowing, melt with soft Desires.  
 Delusion sweet! thy matchless Art  
 Is Nature's self; it wounds the Heart.

Once in his Fancy's highest Flow,  
*Apelles*, his great Art to shew,  
 Resolv'd his finest Strokes to try,  
 And Nature's choicest Works out-vie;  
 From ev'ry Fair a Charm he stole,  
 And nicely blending up the Whole,  
 He bid the heav'nly Image prove  
 The Queen of Beauty and of Love.

72 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Hogarth*, like his great Master too,  
 Designing Nature to outdo,  
 His highest Proof of Art to give,  
 And bid another *Venus* live,  
 To draw his Piece he took his Way,  
 Where *Belles* o'er elemental Tea,  
 In am'rous Prattle waste the Day :  
 Among the rest was *Peggy* plac'd,  
 With all the Charms united grac'd :  
*Hogarth* with Wonder view'd the Maid ;  
 Thrice he in vain to speak essay'd,  
 Its Office thrice his Tongue forlook :  
 —At length in fault'ring Words he spoke,  
 “ 'Tis she—— *Venus* has left the Skies,  
 “ And there she sits in sweet Disguise ;  
 “ How vain, how vain is our Design,  
 “ When we'd attempt at what's divine ?  
 Each smiling told him the Deceit,  
 That *B---k---n* was the pretty Cheat.  
 “ Still then, cries he, my Project's vain,  
 “ I'll ne'er of Nature's Works complain,  
 “ In *B--.k---n* they'll triumphant reign,





THE  
LACE-WOMEN;  
A  
POEM:

Part SATIRE, Part PANEGYRICK.

N. B. *This POEM (Part of which is lost) was found among some Papers belonging to a Poet lately dead, which bear Date in Queen Elizabeth's Time, when 'tis suppos'd this was wrote.*

N E A R to St. Martin's Church, of Structure gay,  
Where haughty Lace-women their Pride display,  
There is a Court, the first i'th' Book of Fame  
For *Flanders-Lace*, of Quality its Name:  
Here wou'd-be Ladies, from the first to last,  
With mimick Grandeur ape St. James's Taste.

Miss Dainty makes a shift to rise at Noon,  
And takes ten Sorts of Physick before One.

Ah

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ah, what avail \* *Ward's* famous Drop and Pill,  
 They can't *Love*, that soft Invader, kill !  
 Her Eyes suffus'd and dim are languid grown,  
 The Roses from her Cheeks and Lips are flown,  
 A palish Yellow over-spreads her Face,  
 Not much unlike the Hue of *Brussels* Lace ;  
 She's peevish, splenetick, will smile no more,  
 For only ——— can her Bloom restore :  
 But oh a brighter Nymph has touch'd the Swain,  
 And she till Death may sigh for him in vain !

Behold *Redessa*, modest Maid, advance ;  
 She ne'er was seen at a lewd Midnight Dance ;  
 Who can one Action of her Life deride ?  
 She's free from Affectation, free from Pride.  
 I envy him who has her Virgin Vows,  
 But if he's worthy, may he be her Spouse !

Miss *Sullen*, tho' morose, is not to blame,  
 She's young, I wou'd not blast her budding Fame.

Who's she who's naught mechanick in her Face ?  
 A Lady ? Sure she does not deal in Lace !  
 Behind a Compter she was never made  
 To fit, her Genius can't be for a Trade ;  
 That Affectation in her Air and Mein  
 Resembles that I've at the Playhouse seen :  
 I know her now, *Biddyna*, that gay Flirt,  
 That Butterfly, that " painted Child of Dirt ;"

0

\* The Author means Sir Philip Ward, President of the College of Physicians in 1587. Great Grandfather to the present celebrated Dr. Ward. Rapin's Hist. of England.



O let me lash this vain, this trifling Thing,  
 This gilded Snake that smiles, and fain wou'd sting.  
 What Use t' herself or others is her Life?  
 She's neither fit for Mistress nor a Wife;  
 A Female Friend has all her softest Vows,  
 And what they do together — the Lord knows!  
 But has she no Accomplishments? why yes,  
 She has an easy modish Air in Dress;  
 She speaks a tender tragick Speech, 'tis thought,  
 And a smart Epilogue without a Fault.  
 She once had Sense, now Self-conceit supplies  
 Its Loss, and other mental Faculties.

Observe that pale, that languid, drooping Fair,  
 Whose Bloom can't be reviv'd with *Chelsea* Air!  
 Might I prescribe; a Youth of Health and Fire  
 Wou'd quickly bid that pallid Hue retire,  
 And make the mantling Blood in Blushes rise,  
 Glow in her Cheeks, and sparkle in her Eyes;  
 The Doctor's dull Receipts then let her tear,  
 And take a Spark to chase away her Care.  
 See *Jenatin* and pert *Biddyna* meet;  
 How cross in Temper that, and this how sweet!  
 My Lord and Lady *Townly* Arm in Arm!  
 Sure they're united by some magick Charm;  
 Did Nature such an Union e'er decree?  
 Why not, since Oil and Vinegar agree.  
 'Tis strange, 'tis wond'rous strange! by Gad the Rose  
 Might as well bud beneath a Waste of Snows.

But

76 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Bnt see a happy Pair rise to the Sight,  
 Who waste in Mirth the Day, in Bliss the Night !  
 Alone *Bulena* is the blameless Wife,  
 She only tastes the virtuous Joys of Life ;  
 She pleases all, her Husband doubly charms ;  
 He knows no Joy divided from her Arms ;  
 With a fair Issue blest'd, that round 'em smile,  
 And with sweet Prattle anxious Cares beguile.  
 May no rude Storm their Bloom of Pleasure blast,  
 But may they breathe without a Pang their last !

Why shou'd I sing how an old fickle Maid  
 Her Marriage with an honest Priest delay'd ;  
 The bubb'd Parson Equipage prepar'd ;  
 The Nuptial-Day was fix'd, but twice deferr'd,  
 Deferr'd by her ! he spent three hundred Pound  
 In Dress, in Treats, to have his Pleasure crown'd !  
 May she for this be doom'd alone to lie  
 Waking and wishing, and unpity'd die !——  
 Or how the modish Mistress of each House,  
 Or keeps a Gallant, or maintains her Spouse ;  
 Or how——

*The rest is tore out.*

The

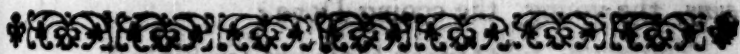


The LACE-WOMEN.

*An Epigrammatick Simile.*

**B** — and *H* —, Partners proud,  
Two Lace-shops insolently boast,  
But *R* —'s between 'em draws the Croud,  
In her's their piddling Trade is lost.

You've seen a Ring, on either Side  
Studded with Sparks of trifling Size,  
They're nothing; 'tis the Brilliant's Pride,  
I'th' Middle, that attracts our Eyes.



CUPID and GANYMED, a Dialogue, written  
in the Year 1736.

*In Imitation of Mons. De La Motte.*

**G.** CEase, *Cupid*, cease, thy Prattle's vain;  
I all thy little Arts disdain.

**C.** What! can't the charming *Biddy* move?  
And melt thy icy Heart to Love?

The

78 POEMS on several Occasions.

The sprightly *Bid*, whose sparkling Eye

\* Makes ——— despair and die.

G. That Flirt! ——— what dost thou plead her Cause!

She vi'lates thine and Nature's Laws;

If one soft Wish her Bosom warms,

She flies to worthless *Betty's* Arms.

Cease, *Cupid*, cease; thy Prattle's vain;

I all thy little Arts disdain.

C. See blooming *Nancy's* Air and Grace!

Or *Peggy's* Shape and Angel-Face!

Can'st thou resist that heavenly Bliss

That thrills thee at each balmy Kiss?

G. They both with powerful Charms are grac'd;

May each with him she loves be blest'd!

——Pshaw, prithee cease; thy Prattle's vain;

I can—— I think, thy Arts disdain.

C. What if I give you Pow'r to move

*Jenny*, the young, the cooing Dove?

——You blush, what mean those broken Sighs?

See, from your Cheeks the Colour flies;

Say, Rebel, is my Prattle vain?

And dost thou now my Pow'r disdain?

G. No more I dare my Coldness boast,

She is my lov'd, my fav'rite Toast:

Yet know that none cou'd e'er prevail,

Except my dear delightful D——

Sent

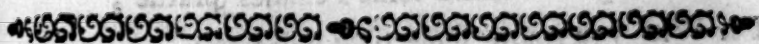
\* This Line, I fancy, is to be taken ironically; for the young Fellow here meant is more remarkable for Inconstancy, than Sincerity, in Amours.





Sent with some SNUFF.

**D**EAR *Jenny*, if this Snuff thou'd want  
Such Odours as your Breath bestows,  
Your Touch will give 't a sweeter Scent  
Than Quintessence of fragrant Rose.



CUPID Metamorphos'd, &c.

**C**UPID, all those that read may find,  
In Days of Yore was counted blind;  
Some say he was a silly Soul,  
And little better than a Fool;  
Others, that he lov'd peevish Actions,  
And dipp'd Folks in a thousand Fractions.  
I grant you these were Truths of old,  
But will for such no longer hold;  
The Stripling's quite another Creature,  
And chang'd, believe me, for the better.  
The Urchin once had ne'er an Eye,  
Now sees as well as you or I;  
He once of Sense had ne'er a Bit,  
But now's a Spark of sprightly Wit;

This

Sent

r the  
ancy,

80 POEMS on several Occasions.

This Brat to vex all us'd to strive,  
Now's the best-natur'd Thing alive.  
Whence cou'd this Transformation flow ?  
Have Patience, and I'll let you know.

The Gods being on some solemn Matter,  
That suited not with *Cupid's* Nature,  
He straight resolv'd to seek some Mirth,  
Among the Follies of the Earth :  
To \* *Tavistock* on Wings he's born,  
And lighting at the Unicorn,  
There thought he heard some Females prattle ;  
For Wits you know some time will rattle,  
But Woman without End affords  
A Superfluity of Words,  
Hence *English* Husbands oft complain  
With Noise their Dearies split their Brain ;  
What stupid Hamdrums not to prize  
Their Wives—— because than them more wise.  
But that is not the present Case,  
So if you please we'll let it pass ;  
And I'll my Tale to th' End pursue,  
Which tho' it be a Tale is true.

Where did I leave ?—— Pshaw ! I've forgot,  
Was ever such a blund'ring Sot ?  
Stay—— let me see—— O, ay—— that's true,  
The Sash was up, and in he flew ;  
In *Winny's* Eyes he plac'd his Seat,  
There found a Change so dear so sweet.

\* *Tavistockstreet.*

That

POEMS on several Occasions. 81

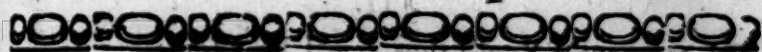
That Moment he receiv'd his Sight,  
 And bless'd the new-born Beams of Light!  
 Gay Sally gave him Wit refin'd,  
 And all the Beauties of the Mind!  
 Good-natur'd Judy next bestow'd  
 The sweetest Temper on the God!  
 That Instant *Fell* and two more came in,  
 Who're too well known to need the naming:  
 (And for that their rough Names in Rhyme  
 With a smooth Jingle will not chime)  
 Arch *Cupid* drew his Bow and Quiver,  
 And whipp'd 'em all thro' Heart and Liver;  
 Then thus he spoke—— Ladies, these three  
 Shall fight for you, while you are free.  
 The Conquest seem'd not worth their Care,  
 So with a cold regardless Air  
 They pass'd it by—— we hope that you, Sir,  
 Will stay at least an Hour or two here;  
 And let's intreat you be so free  
 To name your fav'rite Sort of Tea;  
 We've *Green*, *Imperial*, and *Bohea*.  
 'Tis now but half an Hour past Four,  
 The Kettle has been on this Hour.  
 Come tell us the Amours above,  
 How Gods and Goddeesses make Love;  
 You may let's know, 'twixt this and Seven,  
 What Kind of Life they lead in Heaven.—

82 POEMS on several Occasions.

By all that's soft I cannot stay  
 To drink one single Dish of Tea,  
 For I'm engag'd at th' Opera.  
 On the *Twelfth-night*, trust me, I'll come  
 To play at Cards in this same Room:  
 You then their rakish Pranks shall hear,  
 At which you'll laugh I vow and swear;  
 I'll tell you of their lawless Loving,  
 How *Juno* scolded *Jove* for Roving;  
 How *Venus* stole from Bed as soon  
 As *Vulcan* slept, and lay 'till Noon  
 With *Mars* for only Half-a-Crown.  
 How many Cuckolds lodge among us,  
 And how more daily, hourly, throng us.  
 To what Mishaps they all are fated,  
 And who the last was salivated——  
 But hold—— those three seem leath to go,  
 And here wou'd spend an Hour, or so;  
 I'm sure they're yours with Vows most fervent:  
 And I'm your very humble Servant.





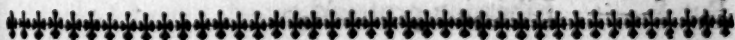


To Miss F---d.

Sent with the Song of, Was ever Nymph like *Rosamond*.

Miss,

**H**AD *Addison*, your charming Mein,  
Your Shape, your Air enchanting, seen;  
Had he but known your matchless Wit,  
Where all that's gay and sprightly meet;  
With no Eclat, devoid of Praise,  
Fair *Rosamond* in his sweet Lays  
Had shone; but you, more chaste, more fair,  
Had been his first, his only Care;  
Like yours his Thoughts with Truth had flow'd,  
As pure as Virgin-Snows untrod.



A D V I C E.

I.

**F**---d, *J*---s, and *S*--- Belles o'th' Age  
*Osmyn's* Love-sick Heart engage,  
Smit with the Graces of each Toast,  
He knows not which to value most.

To

84 POEMS on several Occasions.

II.

Th' enamour'd Youth thus op'd his Mind,  
Dear *Will*, you know in Love we're blind,  
Their Charms and Foibles pray impart,  
Your Choice shall guide my wand'ring Heart.

III.

I answer'd, *F——d's* possess'd of all  
That charms the Eye, or strikes the Soul ;  
I own it is my daily Prayer  
My dearest Friend were bless'd with her.

IV.

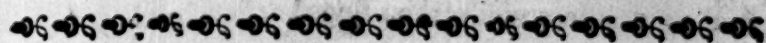
Or else let *J——s*, fair virtuous Maid,  
With genial Raptures crown your Bed,  
Her happy Temper will bestow  
The greatest Bliss that Mortals know.

V.

But *S——*, Libertine profess'd,  
Calls filial Duty a dull Jest,  
With City 'Squire, at Morn's Approach,  
Returns from Balls in Hackney-Coach.

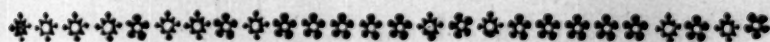
VI.

My Muse with Blushes hangs her Head,  
She hates a Midnight Masquerade,  
She mutters *S——* with a Sigh,  
And doubts a Prostitute she'll die.



Sent with some Green Wax to Mrs. *Mary P*—

**Y**OUR Beauty, lovely charming Maid,  
Will ever wear a blooming Hue;  
'Till Ever-greens begin to fade  
We ne'er shall see Decay in you.



Written *extempore*, o'er a Glas, on hearing  
Mr. *N*—*r*—*n* sing.

**R**efistle's Musick can impart  
The sweetest Raptures to the Heart;  
Its every Charm in *N*—*n* dwells,  
For *Farinelli* he excells;  
Hark! hark! he sings—“ Oh softly tread  
“ While *N*—*n* warbles round my Head!  
O that each Faculty were Ears,  
That I might taste nought but thy Airs;  
By thy sweet Notes we're taught to prove  
How *Seraphs* charm the Powers above,  
Nay thine their Harmony transcends,  
For see, *Apollo's* self descends,

# 86 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Disdains the Discord of their Strings,  
 And only listens while thou sings!  
 Had thou aud *Orpheus*, in one Grove,  
 Warbl'd melodious Notes of Love,  
 Each Stone, each Stream, and every Tree  
 Of Taste refin'd had follow'd thee.—  
 No more—the Theme ill suits my Lays,  
 Thee, only Angels, Gods, can praise.



## On Miss B——n.

**W**Hilst all *Clarinda's* Praises sing,  
 Whilst all the tuneful Numbers try,  
 Must I still shun the trembling String,  
 And B—— pass neglected by?

B——, whose Soul those Arts disdains,  
 From which *Clarinda's* Conquests flow;  
 B——, who still triumphant reigns,  
 The Queen of Beauty here below.

Her Wit or Charms to blast, in vain  
 Let Fops in pointless Verse engage,  
 B—— their weak Efforts disdains,  
 And mocks their Satyr's idle Rage.

See,



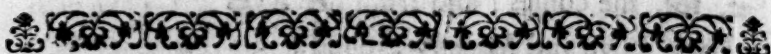
See, see, she comes ! and from her Eyes  
Darts Love and Majesty around ;  
Not half so swift the Light'ning flies,  
Nor kills with half so sure a Wound.

To paint each Charm, each heavenly Grace,  
Which o'er her snowy Bosom rove ;  
Or draw the Beauties of her Face,  
Even *Hogarth's* Hand too weak would prove.

To sing her Wit in equal Strains,  
Wou'd more than *Waller's* Art require ;  
*Prior* his softest Verse in vain  
Would try, in vain his darling Lyre.

Let other Beauties strive with Wiles  
A feeble Empire to maintain,  
Study new Airs, and practice Smiles,  
Their study'd Airs, and Smiles are vain.

As *Venus* singly reigns above,  
And knows no Rival in the Skies,  
So here below the Throne of Love  
Is fix'd in beauteous *B——*'s Eyes.



## THE BROWN BEAUTIES.

Inscrib'd to Miss M——n, Miss J——s, and  
Miss J——n.

**A** Nut-brown Maid (if I'm not wrong)  
Immortaliz'd old *Chaucer's* Song;  
That Age, one only reigning Toast,  
That barren Age of his cou'd boast.  
But ours more fertil doth produce  
Three Nut-brown Maids, all in one House.  
Compare not Beauty to a Flower,  
That droops and sickens with a Shower;  
Charms such as yours can ne'er decay,  
They'll ever bloom as fresh as *May*.  
And please thro' every Scene of Life,  
In Maid, in Mistress, or in Wife.  
Eternal Youth and Beauty crown  
One only Colour, which is BROWN.



Upon



Upon a certain VICTUALLER's reading the  
Bill for preventing the Retail of Spirituous  
Liquors, Punch, &c.

*In Imitation of the Style of the Dunciad.*

NOT far from *Cheapside-Conduit*, at the Head,  
Lives a proud Host far fam'd for—pinching Bread;  
Tho' Plenty with her Sweets this Island cheers,  
His Table a penurious Pittance bears;  
But now 'twill be far worse; the Spirit'ous Bill  
Is pass'd, his future Hopes of Gain to kill.  
With wat'ry Eyes he views the less'ning Score;  
Punch, profitable Punch, is now no more!  
With furious Fret his Orbs do wildly roll,  
He sees, and fighting sees, each empty Bowl.

Then he; Oh how shall I this Loss supply?  
Each Trick, each Artifice henceforth I'll try;  
I'll with new Arts tofs up and froth my Beer,  
"Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet seldom clear;  
"So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,  
"Heady, not strong, and foaming tho' not full."  
Never again the Loaf shall see my Board,  
I will no more such Liberties afford;  
'Tis Folly, 'tis Extravagance; To-day  
I'll change the Course, and make 'em double pay;

Thin

90 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thin scanty Slices I will force 'em eat,  
 And charge 'em Eightpence for a Groat in Meat;  
 \* A Penny each for Mustard and for Salt  
 I'll score 'em up, nor shall they dare find fault;  
 If they ask why, and I shou'd Reasons want,  
 I'll answer that they sha'n't, because—— they shan't.

What must I do? My Alehouse cast aside,  
 † And keep a Shop again, my better Guide?  
 Ye *China* Bowls, must I no more behold  
 You sparkling smile, and swell each Shot to Gold?  
 And must I Night and Day now see you dry?  
 No, no, my Tears wou'd want of Punch supply;  
 O how I'd triumph in damn'd *Ashley's* Fall,  
 May Ruin seize him! he's undone us all.——  
 Shall I sell Beer alone? no, 'twou'd traduce  
 And sink that Pride with which my Guests I use.  
 Had th' Parliament thee, Punch, a longer Date  
 Decreed, I might have sprung'd a large Estate?  
 But see! " Rack, Brandy, Rum, to naught descend!  
 " And all thy Cause and Empire at an End!  
 What Use are Bowls? I'll strait an Altar raise,  
 And each shall crack and perish in a Blaze.  
 You fix Wood Ladles the whole Pile shall found,  
 And you shall with this largest Bowl be crown'd;  
 Five Shillings, three and two will shape the Pyre,  
 And last this Tiff of Sixpence tip the Spire.

The

\* A Gentleman was scor'd a Penny for Mustard to a  
 Half-penny-worth of Cheese, and actually paid it.

† This alludes to his having formerly been a Taylor.



The Pile thus form'd, he took a farewell Look,  
And thus in tender Accents sighing spoke;  
Adieu my Punch-bowls! better thus expire,  
Than live, me, with your empty Looks, to tire,  
To torture, to distract; once more adieu,  
I can't survive! 'ere long I'll follow you.  
Then thrice he touch'd the \* Bill, and thrice his Soul  
Within him shrunk, and startl'd at the Scroll;  
At last he lights the Pyre; the sudden Flame  
Mounts fiercely up, and shakes the nodding Frame;  
The greedy Flames the Ladles soon consume,  
And now the Bowls expect their final Doom;  
'Tis here; behold, they tumble from on high,  
They break, and in ten thousand Pieces fly!  
At this o'erwhelm'd in Grief in Tears he fate,  
And mourn'd this Emblem of Retailers Fate.

While thus he griev'd, he heard a Noise without,  
He went and saw the Devil of a Rout;  
Confus'd he wildly gaz'd upon the Crowd,  
And thus remark'd in Exclamations loud.

See! Oranges and Lemons thrown i'th' Street!  
Lo! the same Fate the useless Punch-bowls meet!  
See! Brandy-shops, whose Pots were wont to glow  
With burnish'd Gold, now wear a sable Hue!  
Behold! Distillers blind with frantick Rage,  
And Innholders in Civil Wars engage!  
See! how they tremble at approaching Jails!  
Lo! Madness o'er their little Sense prevails!

Hark,

\* *Bill against retailing Spirituous Liquors.*

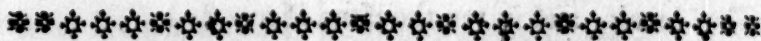
92 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Hark, hark ! Damnation seize the Bill ! they cry,  
“ See ! how they stare, turn giddy, rave and die !  
I come, I come ; with you I'll glorious fall,  
Let universal Ruin swallow all !



On Miss Peggy H---k---t.

W I T H each angelick Charm Miss H---k---t's gilt ;  
To prove this Belle's a Woman, she's a--- Jilt.



On Miss B---rt---n's Manner of taking Snuff.

F R O M Agate-box, the newest Mode,  
Her Snuff Miss Bid takes in a Shell :  
A thousand Times to me sh'has vow'd,  
'Tis faint, 'tis languid, has no Smell.

II.

The Reason's plain ; her rosy Hand  
Its Fragrance to the Snuff denies ;  
The rival Shells triumphant stand,  
The Snuff with Envy pines and dies.

III.

III.

These guilty Shells if you'll but throw,  
 Dear *Bid*, like others in the Streets,  
 Your Snuff with finest Scents will glow,  
 And vie with blest'd *Arabia's* Sweets.



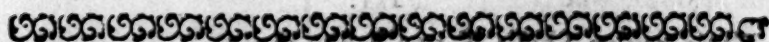
Spoken *extempore* upon Miss T--ns---d's giving  
 me an Orange.

**T**HIS Present, Emblem of the Fair,  
 Tho' banish'd from its native *Chine*,  
 Its Odours fresh will ever bear,  
 Unputrify'd by Change or Time.

II.

Thus You, thro' e'ery Scene of Life,  
 Whilst Wit or Beauty have a Charm,  
 Do now, a Maid, and will, a Wife,  
 With Love each glowing Bosom warm.





To Mr. E. W.

*After a Journey from London into the North.*

WE briskly to St. *Alban's* trotted,  
 Where we'd some Woodcocks nicely potted:  
 Next Morn young *Dalerworth* softly whisper'd,  
 Oh *Gillingrove* my A--e is blister'd;  
 It breaks, it runs!— (O spare my Punning)  
 Heaven keep thee, W—, from a Running.  
 At Noon, as we regal'd ourselves,  
 We fell in with two *Litchfield Belles*;  
 The softest Things we said and swore;  
 The generous Nymphs paid off our Score;  
 At Night we warmly press'd— you know what,  
 They blush'd, and faintly said, nay, do not;  
 Their sweet Reluctance fann'd the Fire,  
 We must enjoy 'em or expire;  
 In short, we for their Husbands pass'd,  
 And then we flew to Bed in haste;  
 But, O young W—n, where shall I  
 Find Words as soft as *Bid's* plump Thigh;  
 As smooth as was her polish'd Skin,  
 As sweet as what I felt within!  
 All Nights I've known compar'd with that  
 Are dull, insipid, tasteless, flat.

Next



Next Day, oh mournful Day! we parted,  
 The Nymphs and we just broken-hearted :  
 For who that has a Girl enjoy'd  
 But parts with Grief—— until he's cloy'd.  
 Next Day we drove a curst Trade,  
 The Grey-horse seem'd to boast a Jade,  
 Nay more than seem'd ; for, I'll be sworn,  
 He'd neither eat good Hay nor Corn ;  
 We burn'd him Wine to stop his scouring,  
 Which in ten thousand Pieces tore him ;  
 The Reason of his being thus undone,  
 The Hostlers were Rogues in London :  
 In Days twice one we went a \* lile  
 Way, only two times twenty Mile ;  
 With easy Journies & cætera,  
 We got him hither last Monday :  
 But *Stump* fed well, at Nights he laid,  
 Like me he with his Journey play'd ;  
 His Virtues, *Ned*, these hard-bound Brains  
 Of mine can't reach in equal Strains,  
 For had I *Butler's* Wit and Fire,  
 My Muse before my Horse won'd tire ;  
 I do believe, 'twixt me and you,  
 He'd ha' brought me down in Days twice two ;  
 He is the best that—— I ha'n't Time  
 To write one single other Rhyme,  
 I hear ten thousand Folks below,  
 That want to ask me how I do.

The

\* A North-country Word for little.

96 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Joy, the Transport I felt here  
At the sweet Sight of all that's dear  
I can't describe!—but you'll excuse  
My willing, insufficient, Muse.

Our Folks and yours are very well.  
Service to Friends, and eke each *Belle*.  
*Per Post's* Return, as you're a Man, Sir,  
To this I do demand an Answer.

P.S. I pray, young *W*——, take no Notice  
That *Daleworth's* Horse not worth a Groat is.



The MAIDENHEAD. A SONG.

*To a favourite Air of Mr. Handel's.*

**B** Looming *Chloe*, charming Creature,  
Full of Wishes, tempting, gay,  
Pattern of excelling Nature,  
Stole my love-sick Heart away :  
E'ery Night I warmly press'd  
For the greatest Bliss below ;  
She faintly answer'd, while we kiss'd,  
I must not, dare not, no, no, no, no.

II.

One unguarded Moment press'd her  
 Melting in my Arms to lay ;  
 All the Night I'd have possess'd her  
 But cou'd not 'till Break of Day :  
 Thus Roses nightly, of various Hue,  
 Close their sweet Buds upon the Thorn,  
 'Till moisten'd by the genial Dew  
 They ope their Odors to the Morn.



The Slighted Old Maid.

**L**ETCHORA void of each enchanting Grace,  
 The lovely Shape, the Air, or blooming Face,  
 Still worse, in her in vain you hope to find  
 The sweet Attractions of a polish'd Mind.  
 Full forty Years have trench'd her wrinkl'd Brow,  
 She looks as if she—— Death, I don't know how ;  
 Oft, oft repuls'd she has been forc'd to prove  
 The various Pangs of proffer'd, slighted, Love.

There was a Youth in every Thing compleat,  
 Bright as his Sire, and like his Sister neat ;  
 He seem'd by bounteous Nature form'd to inspire  
 The coldest Breast with Sparks of warm Desire ;  
 His Name *Jennello* : she, at the first Sight  
 Perceiv'd him fit to give and take Delight.

H

She

98 P O E M S on several Occasions.

She wish'd, she sigh'd, she languish'd for a Kiss,  
 She glow'd, she burn'd for more substantial Blifs.  
*Jennello* mark'd Disorder in her Air,  
 He saw she gaz'd on him with eager Stare:  
 Soft broken Accents piec'd her whole Discourse,  
 Yet he ne'er thought that Love was the fond Source.  
 While she more vain hop'd that her beldam Charms,  
 With Art, might tempt the Youth to fill her Arms.  
 She gave a thousand Hints, which he ne'er took,  
 She was his Bane, he cou'd not on her look.  
 At last her Picture neatly fram'd in Gold  
 She did present, and thus her Mind unfold.  
*Jennello*, form'd with every Art to please!  
 With Grace you move, and speak polite with Ease!  
 I must, sweet Youth, possess you or I die!  
 Say, shall in vain a Virgin for you sigh?  
 This dear Resemblance of myself pray keep  
 To sooth, with am'rous Dreams, each Night, your Sleep:  
 Or else, my dear, your Closet let't adorn,  
 T'inspire your Soul with blisful Thoughts each Morn.  
 While I—— but here *Jennello* cut her short;  
 Madam you'll ne'er enjoy the wish'd-for Port.  
 Damn it, can such a Hag e'er suit my Taste,  
 If you have been, you may continue, chaste;  
 The cold, the Winter Blasts, which you wou'd bring,  
 Wou'd nip the budding Blossoms of my Spring;  
 Some blooming Fair with youthful Charms like May  
 I will enjoy, and each with each be gay——

Your



Your Picture, shocking Piece! I recommend  
To the quaint Taste of my peculiar Friend,  
Who makes a choice Collection of each Fury,  
Frightful old Maids, and batter'd Jades of *Drury*;  
Among his curious Set that hideous Face  
Will justly claim a Preference of Place.

With Rage, Despair, and all the Passions tofs'd,  
To Fame, to Love, to all that's dear lost,  
She roll'd her Eyes indignant, thrice essay'd  
To raise her one-side Crutch and break his Head,  
And thrice, so fierce the Conflict shook her Frame,  
(I had forgot to tell you she is lame)  
She dropp'd her Hand, and lean'd upon her Staff:  
He made his Leg, and left her with a Laugh.

Thus scorn'd, forsook, she swore in mad Despair,  
She'd wed his Father and undo the Heir.  
O sweet Revenge, thou Balm of Female Souls!  
Sovereign Revenge thou slighted Love controuls!

His Sire's a Man of Constitution strong,  
And tho' in Years I well may style him young.  
'Tis strange! she found the Means his Heart to move;  
For who with Reason can account for Love?  
All blame his foolish Choice, and justly blame,  
This Act will stain his yet unsully'd Name;  
If in his Breast a tender Father's Care,  
Or if Self-preservation have a Share,  
O may they whisper him 'ere 'tis too late,  
To break this Match, and shun th' impending Fate!

## 100 POEMS on several Occasions.

Three Wives with virtuous Joys have bleis'd his Bed,  
But this wou'd bring Pollution in their Stead.  
No more—— yet shou'd her fullsome Arts prevail,  
Then I'll pursue the Sequel of my Tale.

\*\*\*\*\*

### A HYMN to SOLITUDE.

Sweet Solitude, in thee we find,  
Best Dictates to a heavenly Mind;  
'Tis thou alone that can'st impart  
Seraphick Raptures to the Heart;  
Remove me far from Crowds and Noise,  
And let me only taste thy Joys.  
Thou can'st our gross Desires refine,  
And breathe in us all Airs divine;  
Retir'd with thee we leave behind  
The various Bustles of Mankind;  
With thee all Virtues fix their Seat,  
And dwell right pleas'd with thy Retreat.  
No Guilt defiles a Place so fair,  
For all is true *Elizium* there.  
With heavenly Hymns the Groves around,  
While Angels join the Choir, resound.  
The wise Man's Years here happy roll,  
For sweet Content smiles in his Soul.  
Convey me far from guilty Courts,  
Where Vice in all its Shapes resorts ;

Where

## POEMS on several Occasions. 101

Where Friends their dearest Friends betray  
For Gold, that wipes all Stains away:  
All cringe for Favours and a Place,  
And gaining Honour gain Disgrace.  
Thus madly barter heavenly Joys  
For Splendor, and such earthly Toys.  
Let who will covet to be great,  
Happy in Shew, and Sigh in State;  
With thee in breezy Shades I'll stray,  
Where Streams in soft Meanders play;  
There blest all Things that God has giv'n,  
And solely contemplate on Heav'n;  
To each there is a glorious Prize,  
Who his Adorer lives and dies!



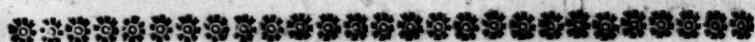
### The fair Maid of the INN.

#### I.

**W**ITH ee'ry Charm, with ee'ry Grace,  
The matchless P——t glows;  
As Beauty forms her Angel-Face,  
So in her Soul each Virtue grows.

#### II.

Thus the great Source of our true Faith  
Lay at an Inn, in heav'nly Rays  
Enthron'd, redeem'd Mankind from Death  
And consecrated all the Place!



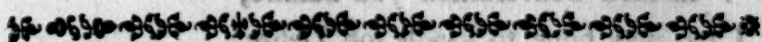
On a young LADY with Freckles in her  
Face.

'T WAS when the Sun from his Meridian Throne,  
With all the Pomp of Light, and Beauty shone;  
That Nature gilded with the Blaze Divine,  
Her Homage offer'd to his sacred Shrine;  
Amidst the Vot'ries D — s, shining Maid,  
Appear'd with more than mortal Charms array'd;  
Amaz'd, o'erjoy'd, all saw the glorious Sight,  
Confess'd, ador'd the Nymph's superior Light:  
*Phæbus* with Malice fraught, and Envy fir'd,  
Asham'd sunk down his Head, abash'd retir'd;  
At length the God incens'd gave Vent to Grief;  
What for this Contempt sha'n't I find Relief?  
Shall thus my Honours all neglected lie?  
Shall mortal Charms with Charms immortal vie?  
Revenge, Revenge on the devoted Head!  
His baleful Influence on the Nymph he shed:  
Thus on the Charms, which once eclips'd his Light,  
The God impress'd those little Orbs of Night.

W—

Upon





Upon a kind young Lady's Pregnancy.

*Imitated from the French.*

WHEN *Venus* and *Bacchus* by Turns did delight  
 With a Bottle all Day, and a Mistress at Night;  
 I thought no Condition so happy as mine  
 When the Charms of bright Beauty gave Zest to the Wine;  
 But how fleeting's the Pleasure! how transient the Joy!  
 When the Gods are determin'd our Bliss to destroy;  
 For alas! I am now grown exceedingly dull,  
 My Casks are all empty, and *Calia* is—— full.

J—



To Captain L——

SINCE Girls of Twelve and Thirteen only charm,  
 And L—— Bosom with Love's Fire warm,  
 What cruel Torments must those Virgins prove,  
 Whose riper Age excludes them from his Love!  
 Eighteen despairs; nay Fifteen scarce can boast  
 She ever was the charming L—— Toast;  
 But I alas! have twenty Winters told,  
 What sad Misfortune 'tis to be so old!  
 Say then, O L—— by what mighty Art  
 These pretty young ones steal into your Heart?

104. POEMS on several Occasions.

If 'tis their Conversation you admire,  
I too may hope to kindle soft Desire:  
For you may see by this, that now and then  
I can be's foolish as a Girl of Ten.

3—



*Varium & mutabile semper  
Fortuna.*

I.

WHY dost thou, *Fortune*, ever prove  
An unrelenting Foe to Love;  
And when we find a mutual Heart  
Come in between and bid us part?

II.

Bid us love on, from Day to Day,  
And wish and wish the Soul away,  
'Till Youth on genial Wings is fled,  
And all the Life of Life is dead!

III.

But busy, busy still art thou,  
To fix the loveless, joyless, Vow,  
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,  
And bind the gentle to the rude.

IV.

IV.

How oft have I thy Frowns beheld?  
As Love in ev'ry Shape compell'd!  
When for each Nymph my Heart did burn,  
And lost each Nymph still in her Turn.

V.

When *Chloe* first my Bosom fir'd,  
How bless'd in all my Soul desir'd!  
In her was center'd ev'ry Grace,  
Of all the blooming Female Race.

VI.

Unclouded then each Moment pass'd  
Serene, and all in Sunshine dress'd,  
Then Life was Dance, and Play, and Song,  
The dear Enchantment lasted long.

VII.

I put at Distance every Fear,  
I thought no Danger cou'd come near,  
'Till thou curs'd Fortune! didst intrude,  
And bound the gentle to the rude.

VIII.

Forever lost! a long Adieu!  
O destin'd to another's Vow!  
Then Years in Solitude I mourn'd,  
'Till late my former Joys return'd.

IX.

IX.

'Till late *Belinda*, heavenly Dame!  
An unforeseen Deliverer came;  
And kindly eas'd my anxious Pain,  
And shew'd me *Chloe* o'er again.

X.

Now *Fortune*, now thy Suppliant spare,  
Nor plunge me in another Care;  
O make the lovely Charmer mine,  
The gentle to the gentle join!

XI.

For once be faithful to thy Trust,  
For once be to a Lover just,  
For once attend my ardent Vows,  
This the last Stake Love has to lose.

XII.

For, know, if now thou dar'st deceive,  
No longer I'll thy Smiles believe,  
No longer I'll thy Aid implore,  
And thou and Love shall cheat no more.



To Captain L——

**H**ELP me, ye Muses, to reveal  
 The Passion I for L—— feel,  
 And in harmonious Numbers tell  
 No Virgin ever lov'd so well:  
 Let other Nymphs try ev'ry Art  
 To gain a wealthy Lover's Heart;  
 May charming L—— be my Prize,  
 And I'll the rest as Blanks despise;——  
 Who can with Safety see you dance,  
 When in that Art you rival *France*?  
 What Nymph but feels her Bosom warm,  
 When on the Violin you charm?  
 Ah! L——! turn away your Eyes,  
 Consider she who sees 'em dies,  
 The coldest Bosom feels a Flame,  
 And Prudes with Rapture speak your Name!

J——



Miss

Miss M — Sk — tb being a visiting  
*Alstrop*, threw away the Stone of a Peach  
 which she had eat; one of her Admirer  
 took it up, and he and his Friend us'd  
 to toast her with that Stone in the Glass  
 which occasion'd the following.

I.  
**W**Here healing Springs, by *Alstrop* plac'd,  
 Their wat'ry Stores supply,  
 A Peach Stone yields the Wine as fast,  
 And fills the Glass as high.

II.  
 Such Magic in that Prize is found,  
 By bright *Maria* taught,  
 To speed the cheerful Glass around,  
 And consecrate the Draught.

III.  
 Bless'd be those Lips, whose Touch divine  
 Might wasting Life repair!  
 To Nectar it converts the Wine,  
 To Gladness ev'ry Care.

IV.  
 Give me that Balm to ease my Pain,  
 That Cordial when I faint,  
 And let the Relick still remain  
 To witness for the Saint!

To a LADY on her POEMS.

TO your just Worth could I exalt my Lays;  
 My Numbers should immortalize your Praise.  
 A second *Ovid* should appear in me;  
 A new *Corinna* stand reviv'd in thee.  
 Your Wit and Beauty with each other vie!  
 This charms the Soul, as that enchants the Eye.  
 To their own Musick through your charming Song  
 On downy Feet the Numbers dance along.  
 On every Theme with equal Grace you write.  
 On every Theme you every Taste delight.  
 But oh! what Transports in the Soul you move,  
 When *Cupid* dictates, and the Theme is Love.  
 And now methinks I feel the burning Smart,  
 The Pangs and Torments of a love-sick Heart;  
 Which its lost Charmer's Absence mourns in vain,  
 And pants for Joys it never must obtain.  
 Now Fear sweet Comfort from my Bosom drives;  
 Now soothing Hope my fainting Soul revives.  
 And still my Breast, as still your Muse inspires;  
 Now melts with Grief, now glows with warm Desires.  
 Proceed, sweet Nymph; and when the Hour draws nigh,  
 That so much Wit, so many Charms must die.  
 When each sad Swain shall your dear Loss deplore,  
 And those bright Eyes shall charm the World no more.  
 Then shall your Works in Fate's Defiance rise,  
 And bear your Fame triumphant to the Skies!

Dear Dan,

**I** Who was wont in doleful Ditty  
 Not to excite your Mirth, but Pity,  
 Who whilom sung in tragick Tone,  
 Of mournful Damsels left alone.  
 And while I strove to make 'em weep,  
 Perhaps have drawn your Eyes to Sleep;  
 Will now awhile my Measure vary  
 And change my Note from sad to merry  
 And try for once (as you shall see)  
 To make you laugh—— though 'tis at me.  
 Our Thought, you know, is unconfin'd,  
 Can travel faster than the Wind :  
 From World to World immediate fly  
 Move nimbler than the quickest Eye  
 Or Light'ning darted cross the Sky.  
 To far *Japan* this Instant roam,  
 And be the very next at Home.  
 Through brazen Walls its Passage force  
 Nor *Alps* nor Oceans stop its Course,  
 Can pass secure through Fire and Water  
 And over-leap the Bounds of Nature ;  
 Through every Element can rove  
 Through Hell below and Heav'n above.  
 Thought can do all Things every where,  
 Thought can build Castles in the Air  
 Without Tools, Timber, Brick or Stone,  
 And dwell in 'em when it has done.



## POEMS on several Occasions. IIII

In short, its Power is past Expression.

But to return from this Digression.

While in the Country you are staying,

My greatest Happiness delaying.

You know when last to Town you came,

My rustick Dress you us'd to blame.

Now that no more shall give you Pain,

For when you come to Town again,

Your Brother you will hardly know,

He's metamorphos'd to a Beau.

Fools (*Horace* says) avoiding one

Extreme direct to t'other run.

A Milk-white Perriwig I wear

Made of the very best of Hair

That ever grew on—— Horse or Mare,

Which in such Heaps the Powder's thrown on

Plaister'd and dawb'd in such a Load on

Looks like a Bush all over snow'd on

Which falling, shook down from my Block,

O'erspreads and whitens half my Back.

My Coat brown Cloth that's superfine,

Where silver-chequer'd Buttons shine

Which with a white Inside I line.

This the Description of my Coat is,

My Waistcoat too deserves your Notice.

On that it next must be descanted,

Blue Silk with silver Buttons planted.

My Breeches next Attention claim,

In Colour as my Coat the same.

# 112 POEMS on several Occasions.

Buttons the same too down each Side  
 Which from the Holes keep Distant wide,  
 Left they the silken Puff should hide  
 My Shoes without a Speck of Dirt,  
 And Stockings whiter than my Shirt.  
 Linnen would do you good to see,  
 And Gloves as neat, as neat can be.  
 Fine Cambrick Ruffles round my Wrist,  
 And what-d'ye-call-'ems at the Breast;  
 Sham Silver Buckles add to these,  
 And Silver Garters round the Knees,  
 From which two Silver Tassels dangle,  
 And in the glitt'ring Sun-beams spangle.  
 And last of all to crown the Rest,  
 The very Cream of all the best,  
 A little nice new-fashion'd Beaver,  
 Low-crown'd, short-brimm'd, genteel and clever,  
 Grac'd with a Silver Lace o'top,  
 With Silver Button, Silver Loop;  
 This, when the Weather's fine and fair,  
 Beneath my Arm I chiefly wear,  
 Or else I cock it with an Air:  
 Or when I fear the Sun will tan,  
 It serves to screen me for a Fan.  
 In short, equipp'd from Head to Feet,  
 You'd say I were a Beau complet.  
 Wou'd but propitious Destiny afford  
 A Golden-headed Cane and Silver-hilted Sword!

This

This taring Figure cut I one Day  
In every Week, and that's o'Sunday,  
But am in *Statu quo* o' Monday.

On *Sundays* thus I shew away  
And have besides, tho' not so gay,  
A handsome Dress for every Day.

And now the Muse, as I perceive,  
Thinks it high Time to take her Leave,  
And 'ere her Business half is done,  
Is in a Hurry to be gone.

Since she'll be gone, why let her go,  
It is her Way, her Tricks I know,  
The Baggage often serves me so.

No Certainty is in the Dame,  
Unlook'd for, as she went, she came:  
Her Humour vastly strange and odd is,  
A greater Jilt than H——n's Goddess;  
Still plaguing those she ne'er was meant for,  
Departs unbidden, comes unsent for.  
To-day with open Arms receives me,  
To-morrow in the Lurch she leaves me.

To you indeed, to happy you  
The Dame is always kind and true;  
And while I'm forc'd to wait her Leisure,  
Is proud herself t'attend your Pleasure.  
No less her Favourite you are,  
Than you're the Darling of the Fair;  
And (did not Studies call you off it,  
Of less Delight but greater Profit,

# 114 POEMS on several Occasions.

Nor Views more laudable forbid you,  
To follow where the Muse would lead you)  
Eclipsing all that went before ye,  
Might shine *Carlisle's* and *England's* Glory ;  
Might rise the present Age's Wonder,  
And bid the Ancients all knock under.

Sometimes the Rhiming Fit's upon me,  
And all the God comes rushing on me  
And a whole Crowd of Thoughts begin  
To tumble thick and threefold in ;  
Then back he rushes all at once,  
And makes me, as you see, a Dunc.

So oft upon a low'ring Day,  
Earth's gloomy Face by Fits is gay ;  
Sudden the Sun down darting on her,  
Pours all his Rays at once upon her ;  
Th' Horizon brightens all around,  
The Meadows smile, the Groves resound :  
A Moment he displays his Fires,  
Then in a Hurry he retires,  
Draws in his Rays, his Glory throws,  
And veils his beamy Face in Clouds.  
Instant the chearful Scene is o'er  
The Meadows smile, Groves sing no more,  
All's dull and dismal as before.

H—

Written





Written, when a School-boy, at Fourteen.

WHY, thoughtless Nymph, dost thou consult thy  
 Glass, }  
 T'improve each Charm, and heighten ev'ry Grace,  
 And set thy Hair in Ringlets round thy Face.  
 Dost thou perceive (ah heedless lovely Maid)  
 The fairest Flow'rs are those that soonest fade.  
 Behold how gay the blooming Lilly shows,  
 What beauteous Blushes paint the Damask Rose.  
 Nor Rose nor Lilly will for ever last ;  
 Their Beauty's over when the Summer's past.  
 Then on that Face bestow not so much Pains,  
 'Twill last no longer than thy Youth remains.  
 When Sickness comes, when wrinkled Age draws nigh,  
 As fades the Rose so will thy Beauty die.  
 No more on that thy precious Time employ,  
 Which Age will shortly blast, and Death destroy ;  
 But on thy Soul, and to a nobler End  
 Direct those Hours you now so vainly spend.  
 Thy Soul, which will thy fading Charms survive,  
 And Age, and Time, and Death itself out-live.

H—



## The MUSE.

**W**ITH Nature's Will how vainly we contend,  
 And try to shake our fated Burden off.  
 In spite of our most resolute Efforts,  
 She will prevail; and each opposing Power,  
 Though striving long, compel to yield at last.  
 She bids me sing, and how can I forbear?  
 The tuneful Art was ever my Delight,  
 Ev'n from a Child devoted to the Muse.  
 Where'er I go her Presence close attends  
 My Step, at every Season, every Place;  
 At Home, Abroad, in Company, alone,  
 By Day, by Night, at Leisure, or employ'd,  
 With me inseparably she unites  
 Herself, and mingles with my every Thought.  
 Breaks in uncall'd upon the busy Hour;  
 The Vacant more than fills; and from the Band  
 Of Friends conversing, on a Sudden she  
 Enchants the Presence of my Mind away  
 To airy Scenes, imaginary Worlds,  
 Her own Creation. When I lonely walk,  
 Or sit recluse, she still comes stealing in,  
 Bringing a Croud of Images along,  
 To bear me Company in my Retreat,

Who find myself then least, when most, alone.  
 All Day she haunts me, and when Day descends  
 And Dark arises, when all Eyes but mine  
 Are seal'd in Quiet, from my Couch itself,  
 The Muse intruding banishes Repose.  
 Her frequent nightly Visits importune,  
 Steal half the downy Hours to Slumber due.  
 While, copious issuing from her liberal Fount,  
 A Stream of melancholy pleasing Thoughts,  
 In Numbers musically mournful flows.  
 So through the lonely Stillness of a Gloom,  
 When Sleep has silenc'd every Warbler else,  
 Sweet *Philomel* harmoniously complains.

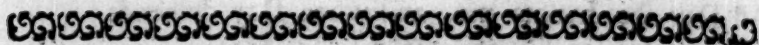
H—



# A S O N G.

*To the Tune of the Broom of Crowdenows.*

SAY my Charmer if you can,  
 Was either most to blame,  
 When first Excess of Love began  
 Our Transports were the same.  
 Blissful Tumults fir'd each Breast,  
 Our mutual Sighs consent,  
 Love urg'd—and you provok'd the rest,  
 Pray—whither can repent.



Translated from HORACE.

*Quis multâ Gracilis te puer in Rosâ, &c.*

I.

**W**HAT graceful Youth enjoys thy Charms,  
And strains thee in his eager Arms,  
Upon a fragrant Rosy Bed ?  
What Lover, tell me, faithless Maid ;  
In some cool Arbor's pleasing Shade,  
On thy sweet Bosom leans his Head ;

II.

While every wanton Art you try,  
And let your golden Tresses fly,  
In Nature's simple Pomp array'd.  
How oft, alas, will he in vain  
Of *Fortune's* cruel Change complain,  
And broken Vows, and Faith betray'd ?

III.

How oft, poor Wretch ! with sad Surprise  
Will he behold the chearful Skies,  
With sudden Clouds and Storms o'ercast,  
While of his present Bliss secure,  
He dreams whole Ages 'twill endure,  
And golden Hours for ever last.



IV.

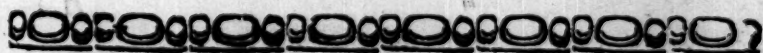
While fondly now he hopes you'll be  
For ever kind, for ever free ;

While by no adverse Gale he's cross'd.  
Too soon, alas, he'll sadly find  
A fatal Changing of the Wind,  
And see his sinking Vessel lost,

V.

Deluded Wretch ! who while all clear,  
All smooth and smiling you appear,  
So rashly ventures out to Sea.  
But now I've safely gain'd the Shore,  
I'll trust the flattering Waves no more,  
One Shipwreck is enough for me !

H—



S O N G.

*To the Tune of, My Goddess Lydia Heavenly Fair.*

I.

**B**Right *Celia* ! Empress of my Heart,  
Joy of my Soul ! in every Part,  
Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Air, and Mien,  
Ten thousand various Charms are seen.

II.

*Cupid* in Triumph round thee flies,  
And darts his Light'ning from your Eyes,  
Not *Venus* smiles with sweeter Grace,  
Nor charms with so divine a Face!

III.

What beauteous Tinctures there are spread,  
The snowy vying with the red,  
As when the blooming Lilly glows  
With Blushes borrow'd from the Rose.

IV.

Oh! let me sink into those Arms,  
With eager Joy devour thy Charms.  
Dissolv'd in melting Raptures lie,  
And in thy soft Embraces die.

H—



A LETTER to a Friend when the Author  
was ill of a Cold.

*Dear Dick,*

**P**ENSIVELY alone I sit  
Forfaken both by Friends and Wit;  
My Friends are all like Swallows flown,  
When Heat of Wit and Health is gone.

I thought you honest once — I swear,  
 And can't but think you're still sincere.  
 Then show't for God'sake — haste and come,  
 Lord how you'll laugh to see your Chum,  
 Instead of singing, ranting, roaring,  
 Drinking, carding, raking, whoring ;  
 Instead of ranging ev'ry Street,  
 Burlesquing all we see or meet,  
 Instead of these my ranting Airs,  
 You'll see me squeez'd in Easy Chair ;  
 With crabbed Looks, and Mouth awry,  
 And Caps pil'd full three Stories high ;  
 Coughing, spitting, sneezing, hawking,  
 Wanly looking, coarsely talking.  
 Poor honest *Dan* can scarce be known,  
 Your Friend's converted to a Gown.  
 I'm like some Skeleton's hideous Face  
 Just peeping from its wooden Case.  
 You'll think it hard your Friend to find  
 With *Plato's* Phiz, and not his Mind ;  
 One short black Pipe, Faith but confer  
 'Twill make me, or ne'er let me stir,  
 Just like some old Philosopher.  
 For all these Ills myself I blame,  
 Because I hanker'd after Fame.  
 I ne'er had Wit — and needs must show it,  
 So like a Fool — I list'd Poet.  
 I needs must knock my Critick down,  
 Encounter Satyr and Lampoon ;

And

122 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

And risque my Fame ten thousand Ways,  
 To get in my declining Days  
 An empty Gutt—— and Crown of Bays.  
 Pox take *Parnassus*, and the Nine  
 Your *Helicon* you think so fine,  
 Is devilish Stuff to Mountain-wine.  
 Shew me half the Charms in Fancy,  
 As in soft engaging *Nancy*.  
 What Idea's half so pretty  
 As my real lovely *Betty*?  
 Can *Virgil's* Muse such Joy create  
 As the Tongue of *Judy T——te*?  
 Or *Ovid* better teach to love,  
 Than one kind Glance from *Nelly Dove*.

But hold, my Muse is weary grown,  
 To take a Nap she's laid her down :  
 Against she wakes an Answer send,  
 And you'll oblige your loving Friend,

H—







# The ANSWER.

Dear Dan,

I Find by yours your Fear is  
 The Proverb's true; *Dum felix eris.*  
 Friends you shall have, and that a many,  
 But when you're left without a Penny,  
 Your Friends will, like your Purse, decay,  
 As it declines they'll fall away.  
 This Accusation is unjustly  
 Laid against me (for never trust me)  
 If I'm not still, and e'er will be  
 The same as in Prosperity.  
 Tho' Wit, Desert, and Health forsake ye,  
 If e'er I do the Devil take me;  
 But love you still for what you have been.  
 You surely have a Spaniel seen,  
 Worn out with Age and constant Running,  
 Now neither for the Net nor Gunning;  
 Yet still it's cherish'd and regarded,  
 And for its former Acts rewarded.  
 Can I reflect how oft we sat  
 With Glass in Hand, talk'd this and that;

Laid

124 POEMS on several Occasions.

Laid Schemes to get a Dish of Tea  
 With this or that kind favourite she,  
 Or give our Thoughts on Poetry.  
 We meddled not with more Affairs,  
 And these alone were all our Cares,  
 When all your Notions were so just,  
 They Pleasure gave, and always must.  
 But now of all your Wit bereft  
 And by those shining Bitches left;  
 Can I think this and not be mov'd  
 To pity where so much I lov'd:  
 Tho', *inter nos*, Faith, you're but fitted,  
 For all the Tricks that you've committed.  
 The very Thoughts of your Condition  
 Have almost brought me to Contrition.  
 I wish no more you'd make those Shams,  
 Nor write your lying Epigrams.  
 As for your carding, drinking, raking,  
 Your whoring, ranting, Window-breaking,  
 And all those Ills that's done at Night,  
 Too wicked for the Publick's Sight,  
 I'm guiltless, and I do disclaim 'em,  
 It even shocks me when I name 'em.  
 That you in Easy Chair are squeez'd  
 With racking Pains and Head-ach teaz'd;  
 Tho' all your Flesh from Bones were gone,  
 And nought to cover but a Gown,  
 E'en then I'd pity as a Friend,  
 But Heaven's Justice too commend.

Those

POEMS on several Occasions. 125

Those Crimes you're not content to do 'em,  
But after publicly avow 'em.

There's one Thing too, it's really kind  
In you to bring it in my Mind.

It ne'er wou'd enter'd in my Noddle

To think you like to *Aristotle*:

With all my Skill I ne'er cou'd trace

*Plato's* grave Features in your Face;

But I'd a Dozen Pipes confer

To make you a Philosopher.

Another Thing you who did follow

With such Success the great *Apollo*,

Already had the just Renown

Of being top Rhymer in the Town,

To think of leaving off and tiring,

The God's not weary with inspiring.

Ask and he'll give; let it not be said

His Service is so basely paid:

You sure ne'er tasted *Hippocrene*

Nor on the Mount *Parnassus* been,

Nor that inspiring Fountain seen,

But like some poor poetick Asses,

Mistaken \* *Skidow* for *Parnassus*,

And think when on it they're as high

As ever *Pegasus* can fly.

It's my Opinion all your Ailings

Are sent upon you for your Railings

}

Against

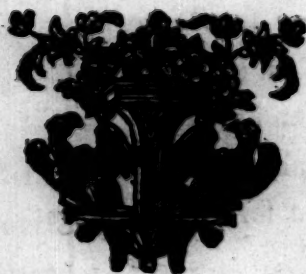
\* *A Mount in Cumberland.*

126 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Against the God, and sacred Nine,  
And your comparing Mountain-wine  
To what they drink, Liquor Divine.  
I do not think't a Farthing Matter,  
Whether you make it Wine or Water.  
Repent, ask Pardon of the God,  
And write his Praises in an Ode.  
As for your fine Ideas and Fancies,  
Your *Betty's*, *Mary's*, and your *Nancy's*;  
Your *Ovid's* Love; or *Virgil's* Thought,  
Or any other Thing that's wrote,  
Can't half those killing Joys create,  
As one kind Glance from *Judy Tate*.

*Dear Dan*, lest you should think me rude  
In being tedious, I'll conclude  
With Prayers for your Health most fervent,  
And am your very humble Servant,

H—



Translation

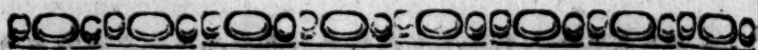




Translation from Monf. *Voiture*.

**D**EATH looks most graceful when he strides  
 O'er bloody Fields 'midst loud Alarms;  
 'Midst Fear and Tumult on all Sides  
 The Trumpet's Sound and Clank of Arms;  
 'Midst thund'ring Chariots neighing Steeds,  
 How greatly there the Warrior bleeds,  
 Is it not better thus to die?  
 Than ling'ring on a Couch lie:  
 Where the pale tortur'd Wretch sustains  
 A thousand Fears, a thousand Pains.  
 And while grim Fate approaches slow,  
 And long suspends the threat'ned Blow;  
 Hoping by Turns and dreading Death,  
 Ingloriously resigns his Breath.





## A Description of a SUMMER'S MORNING.

In *English* Hexameters.

*The three following Pieces were written in Imitation  
of some lately Published.*

**I**N her bright Chariot serene *Aurora* ascended,  
The glowing Orient with crimson Blushes adorning ;  
All Nature arouses ; the Lark from Slumber arising  
Up to the Sky warbles, Earth sinking lowly beneath her.  
Fields, Groves and Gardens, with various Harmony  
founding,  
Eccho around chearful ; the Sheep unfolded in Hundreds  
Flock thro' the green Pastures loud-bleating ; *Phœbus*  
ascending  
With golden Radiancē illumines all the Horizon,  
The Fields bespangling, and scatters Glories around him.



\*\*\*\*\*

The DYING ATHEIST's Soliloquy.

*In English Hexameters.*

**T**Hought and Existence, ah ! must ye desert me for  
ever,

In blank Oblivion immers'd, and Darkness eternal.

Ah ! in a few Moments must Annihilation end me.

How is the Condition of a Brute to be wish'd ; to be envy'd ;

That thro' his Existence passes all unapprehensive

Of Fate's Approaches ; and ends unthoughtful of Ending.

While poor Humanity his Destiny dreadfully knowing,

Expects continual th' impending Stroke, that awaits him,

Not, that he must suffer, but must *foreknow* it, unhappy.

H—



K

On



## ON VAIN-GLORY.

*In English Hexameters.*

AH! what do Encomiums avail by the Tongue of a  
 Mortal,  
 If Heaven offended condemns us? Are any Applauses  
 More worth than Innocence? To Desert is Glory  
 preferred?

Oh rather in Virtue may I live, with Infamy branded,  
 Than by an ill Action obtain universal Applauses.

What though a World perishing celebrate thee for Ages,  
 on Ages

Is that to be coveted equally with Glory unending?  
 Destitute of Virtue, to thy Heart how wretched a Comfort  
 Flattery external, while Conscience inly reproaches?  
 Stil'd from a broad Hero, while known by thyself for a  
 Villain.

No; if an Ambition of immortal Glory possess thee;  
 Glory that unlimited shall shine through infinite Ages.  
 Seek not from Earth-born Humanity windy Applauses;  
 Applauses vanishing with the Breath of those who  
 pronounce them.

Vain on a World mortal for immortal Fame the De-  
 pendance.  
 From



*P O E M S on several Occasions. 131*

From Heav'n's high Sovereign is alone true Glory derived.  
Hence then alone seek it, Him obey; then shall you be  
certain

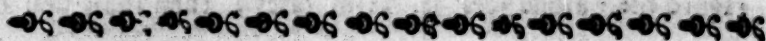
To win it; extend it; secure it; then, when in Ashes  
Lie all the Monuments of Fame, that a World has  
erected

To vain Ambition, with the World itself; shall he  
crown thee

With Glory Æthereal; with inconceivable Honours,  
Infinite, eternal! while joyful around thee beholding,  
All Saints, unanimous, all Angels join in applauding  
With thine own Conscience and him thy Virtue for ever.

H—





On the GOD of TASTE.

*Translated from Mr. Voltaire's Temple de Goût.*

**T**Here's not an Author but he loves,  
 Who has the Talent to engage,  
 Mildly he censures, without Rage,  
 But with high Transport he approves.

*Melpomene* all-charming by,  
 To him her mournful Heroes shews,  
 Their every Fault the Godhead views,  
 But it is with a weeping Eye.

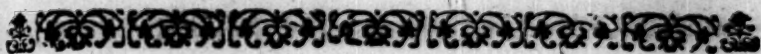
Accurs'd ! who always steel their Mind,  
 Nor know to melt at others Woes.

Great *God of Taste* ! no Place shall those  
 In thy blest'd Temple ever find.

H—



The



The GOD of TASTE's Charge to his  
Favourites.

MY dearest Favourites adieu,  
With every Muse's Favour grac'd.  
O let not *Paris* ever view  
Upon my Throne my Rival plac'd.  
*Falſe Taſte* I know will ſhun with trembling,  
Before ſuch piercing Eyes to ſhew him;  
For you in ſpite of his diſſembling,  
By theſe ſure Marks will quickly know him.  
A Load of Ornaments he wears,  
His Voice is formal, ſet his Eyes;  
His Mein affected, forc'd his Airs,  
His Geſture ſtiff, his Speech precise.  
He takes my Name, and plays my Part;  
But you the Cheat with Eaſe may know,  
For he is but the Son of *Art*,  
And I my Birth to *Nature* owe.

H—

To

To the Over-nice CRITICKS.

**B**E not so scrupulously nice,  
 Methinks you rather ought to praise  
 The manly Freedom of their Phrase,  
 Where Luck the want of Care supplies.  
 Rather with this illustrious Band  
 Some trivial Errors I'd commit,  
 Than with so scrupulous a Hand,  
 Stand weighing every Word that's writ.

H—





EPIGRAM.

*On a LADY. who died in Child-birth.*

THE Breath, which this resigns, while that receives,  
One comes into a World, the other leaves,  
His Cares are all to come, her's all are past,  
The Son's first Moment proves the Mother's last.  
His Life, her Death, her Death his Life supplies,  
He kills in Birth, and she in bearing dies.

H—



EPI-



EPIGRAM.

On VIRGIL.

**T**HY Works, while reading, never can offend.  
Their only Fault is that they have an End.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.



